

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLF THIEDE

### SUMMARY.

*The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left out." She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb—who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest. In the meantime Mr. Burnage has made up his mind to marry Angela, being convinced that he has only to ask her. In writing to a friend to communicate this decision he announces his belief that Claudius has gone under. Yet it is just about this time that Dr. Lamb, after divers conversations with the young man, writes to his banker instructing him to place £8,000 to the credit of Claudius Sandell.*

### CHAPTER VI.

**I**T was a comfortable house to live in, Claudius decided, but there were some queer points about it. In the first place there were no visitors; it suited the doctor, apparently, to live in a certain style—dinner, for instance, was distinctly a formal function, but he evidently did not think there was any necessity for witnesses of his severe taste in appointments, or of his conversation, which at times was brilliant, or of the excellence of

his chef and his cellar. In a word, he did, merely to suit himself, what most people do in order to keep up appearances. No stranger apparently, with the exception of Claudius, ever trod those soft carpets, or tasted those exquisite wines, or heard the doctor on those few occasions when it pleased him to put his great ideas aside and be merely eccentrically witty. Mrs. Lamb must have realised that Claudius would notice this. She took particular pains to tell him

that the doctor was a recluse and would see no one—and so on.

There was something queer too about Mrs. Lamb. She was religious—ardently religious, but yet she was an untameable woman. Religion might inspire her, Claudius thought—and he was angry with himself for such analysis of his hostess—but it would never hold her. Her eyes looked searchingly at him out of her pale face, and he saw in them this much, at least, that she was not a woman to be taken lightly and easily. With regard to her feelings towards her husband, he was very much in doubt; but he was certain that she was afraid of him.

And what was the doctor's own position? He was formally courteous to his wife in public; further, he did not talk her over with Claudius; further, he took an evident interest in her. But, for all that, Claudius could not persuade himself that the interest which the doctor took in his wife was the same as the interest which a man takes in the woman whom he loves; it seemed a colder, more scientific, thing. Claudius could not explain it: he could only wonder.

But one point seemed stranger to him than all—the curious way in which he was taken for granted. He had been in the house for days, and he had come into it as a broken-down tramp; the Lambs had only his word for it that he was not a broken-down tramp: yet the days went by, and no question was put to him about his past, and very little was said about his payment of his obligation—nothing, in fact, except the doctor's indefinite assurance that it would be all right. As a rule he spent the greater part of the day with Mrs. Lamb: he drove her out, read to her, educated her taste in music. She began to make some sort of confidences to him; she told him that she had had a very great sorrow, and that religion had been a consolation to her in it. Once she began to talk about the doctor—with her eyes fixed nervously on the door of the room, lest he should enter suddenly. Claudius did not like this. Gabriel was very clever, she said, but it was too awful—he despised religion. He seemed to be entirely given up to one thing. She did not know whither it was leading, but she had an uncomfortable sensation that it *was* leading somewhere—that they were on the verge of things. Then she hesi-

tated, and looked shyly down at her own knees, and said, with seeming irrelevance:

"I want you, Mr. Sandell, to be very careful."

"In what way? In my dealings with the doctor? Why surely—" he broke off and laughed. "You must not have these presentiments; there is nothing to be afraid of in a scientific enthusiasm."

"Isn't there?" she said, rather drearily.

Claudius had no desire whatever to make confidences—if anything he was inclined to reserve; but he felt that his host and hostess had a claim to know something about him, and it was characteristic of him that he had to satisfy all claims of which he was conscious, whether they were pressed or not. He chose his opportunity one night after dinner. The dining-room was large and irregular in shape. The table—an oval oak table—was laid in a square recess, and brightly lighted with wax candles; the rest of the room was almost in shadow. It had been rather an interesting dinner. The doctor, starting from a case in the papers that morning, had gone on to a theory that suicide was largely the result of a sense of humour. People killed themselves because they saw that any further existence would be ridiculous. It was a pity—but those who had a sense of humour generally had it over-accentuated. Had Claudius ever noticed that? And had it never occurred to him how much better things must be on the moon? Yes, of course, there were the usual shilling-manual baby's arguments to show that the atmosphere and temperature of the moon did not permit the existence of human beings. It was the common confusion of beings with bodies. There were certainly beings on the moon, and the bodies did not matter. Things would be much better there, because nothing there would be over-accentuated. The consuming passion of love that we men and women feel would be on the moon a mild preference. Our Athanasian Creed would be there a hesitating assent to Matthew Arnold's definition. Dinner would be afternoon tea, and afternoon tea would be no more than one transient, dreamy glance at the thinnest possible bread-and-butter. Everything would be toned down. "My own enthusiasm," he concluded, "would be nothing more than the feeling which makes a boy buy the six-penny chemical cabinet, do four tricks, break one test tube, and swop the re-

mainder for a specimen of common quartz with which to initiate a new geological passion."

Claudius took up the idea, and went on with it mirthfully. He and the doctor combined their suggestions—the wildest suggestions—of what this under-accentu-

doctor said that the moon-life would be heavenly.

"Why not have it? Why not reconstruct your existence here? Why not reduce your enthusiasm to the school-boy's whim?"

The doctor became suddenly serious.



"THEN SHE HESITATED"

ated, toned-down, moon life would be like. Mrs. Lamb, consciously well dressed, watched them in silence, sometimes with anxious eyes, as she wondered if all this was quite religious, sometimes with quite a different expression as she thought what a good thing it was to look at Claudius and hear his musical voice, and then grew afraid of the thought. The

"That is my own fault for speaking inaccurately," he said. "I spoke of my own enthusiasm, and I was wrong. The enthusiasm is not mine, but I am its. I belong to it; I am its slave. Body and soul I am claimed by the service of humanity and given up to it."

"But a willing slave?"

The doctor did not answer for a



moment. He went on peeling a peach, his white, nervous fingers and the knife in them suggesting the rapid neatness of a surgical operation. He seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I really do not know," he said at last. "I never wanted it to come, and I never resist it. It is, I should say, that some powerful tendency has absorbed my will into it. I feel like part of a natural law. Yes, that's absurd, but I really grope for words to describe my sensations, and I do not get them very well."

"And your work is for the good of humanity?"

"Ultimately."

"I wish I had some part in it. My end in view in my own work was so much more selfish. Perhaps that was why I failed. I have never told you about it."

Dr. Lamb shot a rapid glance at his wife, and it was she who answered:

"Yes? You must not speak about it, Mr. Sandell, if the subject hurts you."

"On the contrary," he protested, "I am anxious to tell you. The one thing I can do, apparently, is to prevent you from being generous in the dark."

"No, no!" said Mrs. Lamb, leaning back in her chair. "You must not imply that we could possibly mistrust you. That is hard on us." She spoke earnestly. The doctor looked at her significantly. She was saying just what he wished, but he was very well aware that she was not saying it because he wished it, nor from mere politeness, but because she really meant it. It confirmed a vague notion that had crossed his mind that day. It enabled him, as he thought over his future plans, to see where there was a possible weak spot. The whole thought went through his mind in a flash.

"Quite so," he murmured, as he passed the tips of his fingers gently through the rose-water in the bowl beside him. "Quite so."

"I should really like to tell you," said Claudius. "I think it would interest you."

Mrs. Lamb leant her elbows on the table, and her head on her hands, and looked at him intently.

"Ah! That is undoubted; it would be very good of you," said the doctor.

At this moment a servant came forward with the coffee, and Dr. Lamb gave a rapid order.

"The coffee and—and everything we are likely to want—on the lawn. At once."

"You would rather?" the doctor went on inquiringly, turning to the others. "The night is so hot, and I thought it would be pleasanter to talk out there."

They both thought it a capital idea. Mrs. Lamb's maid had entered the room, with an Oriental shawl in her hands. Mrs. Lamb adjusted it carefully over her head and shoulders. She was a curiously grotesque figure in that shawl. Her dinner-dress had all that Madame Ellice could do for mortal woman. The pallor of her face and the darkness of her hair were noticeable. She missed being beautiful. She looked like an Egyptian dissenter that had known Bond Street. The world had chosen her dress; the flesh and the spirit showed alternately in the expression of her face.

Outside it was growing dusk. A big rug had been spread over the grass; on it were lounge chairs and a low table. On the table were the smoking apparatus and the wonderful Madeira that the doctor liked to taste after dinner. The tiny Roman lamp gave a minute weird flame. The servant handed the coffee and withdrew. The two men lighted their cigars from the lamp.

"Now," said the doctor, "if you are ready, Mr. Sandell."

Claudius began. "I think," he said slowly, "that the thing I have wanted most all through life has been freedom—the absence of limitation. I have often thought that I would be willing merely to taste it and then die. Yet I have never tasted it. As for my birth, I am the only son of my father, and my recollection of my mother—who died when I was a child—is very vague. My father, Sir Constantine Sandell—his knighthood was one of the birthday honours in the year that I was born, and it is an honour that he has since regretted—would have been considered, in some respects, an indulgent man. At Eton—I know now—I had very much more pocket-money than was good for me. At the age of sixteen I got the parental sanction to the use of tobacco—well, my father is himself a smoker. At Cambridge, again, my allowance was very generous. But in important points I was never free. Now, religion is, I suppose, an important point."

Mrs. Lamb looked up at the grey sky





"SHE SPOKE EARNESTLY"

and then slowly down again. Claudius continued:

"Religion was, is, and always will be, a most important point to my father. Unfortunately, it is a point on which he has never been able to satisfy himself. He has changed his religion times without number. He is about due into Buddhism by now," he said with rather a bitter laugh, "for I do not see what else is left. No, I am not joking. And I was always compelled to follow any sect with which he happened to be in sympathy. I myself have been a Scotch Presbyterian, an English Low Churchman, and an English Ritualist; I have found that the truth was in the Greek Church alone; I have been a Roman Catholic; I have followed my father into the religion of

'three persons and no God,' which has its dwelling somewhere off Fetter Lane; I have tried with him to find consolation in metaphysics that neither of us could quite understand; then I listened to the sermons of Parker, and after that to Voysey. I did not mind, I was only a boy; fellows always believed what their fathers believed; it was all in the day's work. It was at the call to spiritualism that I rebelled; by this time I was at Cambridge and had begun to think. Now my father had invited to our place a professed medium from London—a Miss Matilda Comby."

At this moment the doctor and Mrs. Lamb exchanged glances, as though the name of Miss Matilda Comby were significant. It was almost dark. Claudius

noticed nothing, and continued: "For all I know to the contrary, Miss Matilda Comby may be there still. With all that I have against her I must own that she is a distinctly clever woman. I began to study conjuring tricks; I paid—with my father's money—for lessons from professors. When I thought that the time was ripe, I exposed Miss Matilda Comby, and showed to my father that the absolute proof—as he called it—was ingenious, but that they did better at the Egyptian Hall. I might as well have spoken to the Pyramids. Miss Matilda Comby was clever and plausible; she had warned my father against the very explanations that I offered. He considered that her position was confirmed, and told me, in so many words, that I was a blasphemer."

"And that was the cause of your quarrel with your father?" said Dr. Lamb, dreamily.

"No, he still had hopes of me. We did quarrel, of course, but the real reason is much more difficult to tell. One day at Cambridge I had a letter from him that surprised me and distressed me a good deal. I knew that this woman, Matilda Comby, had a great influence over my father, but I did not guess how great—until I read that letter. Briefly, it peremptorily ordered me to marry Matilda Comby—a woman ten years older than myself—a woman whom I had always had the greatest difficulty to treat with even the barest civility—a woman whom I knew to be a fraudulent charlatan. During the whole of a year I had been doing my best to get this woman turned out of our house—and now I was calmly told that I was to marry her. The spirits had willed it; the spirits were very anxious for it; the spirits had foretold that it would be 'a singularly blessed union.' It sounds like madness; yet in all business matters my father, at this very time, was showing himself particularly sane, particularly judicious."

"That," said the doctor, "is not uncommon."

"Matilda Comby also must have had some talent for speculative business. My father is, I suppose, a very wealthy man. With all her influence she doubted at first if she could persuade him to leave his entire property away from me. On money matters he was too sane. But it *had* probably occurred to her that she

might marry me, and come into the money that way. The spirits had suggested the marriage, but there was never any doubt that the spirits were merely Matilda Comby."

"One moment," said Mrs. Lamb, rather shyly. "Matilda—I mean Miss Comby—was a charlatan, of course. I think myself that spiritualism is wicked. But has it not occurred to you that possibly she was really—it is so hard to be certain—really in love with you?"

"Impossible, Mrs. Lamb. I had always made it fairly clear that I despised her."

"Sometimes, you know, that does not make any difference."

"Well, I do not think that her subsequent behaviour showed that she was very fond of me. At first I treated the thing as a joke; but I soon saw that my father was in earnest: then I refused point-blank. Now, my father does not take point-blank refusals nicely as a rule, and I expected a storm. On the contrary, I got a very patient letter. The spirits had been at it again. They had told him that I was secretly engaged to another woman, and that it was for this reason I had refused, but that it would be to the advantage and happiness of the other woman if I gave her up. I replied that there was no other woman in the case at all—as a matter of fact, although it is not a particularly interesting fact, I have never been in love in my life—and I repeated my refusal. His next letter accused me of having trifled with Matilda Comby's affections. Oh, it was the wildest business! Matilda Comby never appeared directly in it at all. But it was obvious that her hand guided my father's in every letter that he wrote. I need not give you details of all the correspondence. At last he called me a liar, and I sent him a letter, which I now regret—for, after all, I am his son. That finished it. I had a brief communication from him to the effect that he did not wish to see me or hear from me again. He enclosed me a cheque for one quarter's allowance in advance, and told me that I was to expect nothing further from him, either during his lifetime or after his death. I sent the cheque back. Well, there I was with a bank balance of fifty pounds and the world before me."

"It was very cruel of him," said Mrs. Lamb. "It was very cruel and unjust." She shivered slightly.



"RUN ALONG, HILDA"



"Ah," the doctor said, "it has turned a little chilly, hasn't it? Let us finish the story indoors—in my study, Sandell. I have got some of that tobacco about which you were speaking, if you care to try it."

"Thanks very much," said Sandell. "I should be delighted to try the tobacco, but I must get my pipe first from upstairs."

As soon as he had gone upstairs Doctor Lamb turned brusquely to his wife.

"Matilda Comby?" he said. "Your sister?"

"I—I fear so."

"Why is she going by her maiden name? Oh, I see—yes, her husband."

"I thought she would go back to it after her husband—went away, but I know no more for certain than you do. She had stopped writing letters to us you know, Gabriel, even before my marriage. It is possible that her husband may have died in—died there."

"Ah, yes. My wife's sister originally ran away with a fraudulent company promoter; he married her, and got into difficulties; he is now, if alive, doing a term of penal servitude; so your sister resumes her maiden name, becomes a common swindler and attempts bigamy. What trifles these things are? They ought not to concern me. And yet, Hilda, I should prefer that you did not mention these facts to Mr. Sandell."

"But they give him the means of reconciliation with his father."

"He will never take the first step in that direction. Besides, why sacrifice any man's good opinion of you? How will you be regarded if you say that you are the sister of Matilda Comby? With involuntary dislike and distrust."

"But I might write to Sir Charles—

anonymously—giving proof of my statements."

"Quite so! Admirable! But you must get proof. Unless you know that the convict is still alive, you have no case. Find that out first. How? I have not the least idea. Be clear on your facts, before you sacrifice sisterly affection to your passion for——" he paused a moment and added "your passion for justice and reconciliation."

"I will do that, Gabriel. I won't say anything to Mr. Sandell. How happy he will be to get back in his right place again!"

"There, run along, Hilda. He will be down in the study by now. Join him and say I will be there in a moment. I have a short note to write, which must go to-night."

When she had gone, he sat down before the fire, with his head in his hands, thrusting fingers into the fringe of hair. His brow wrinkled and then cleared; he smiled horribly to himself.

"Hilda's letter cannot go for three or four days. I *think* that I can finish my business with Claudius Sandell to-night, to-morrow at latest. After I have got him—once got him—bound him by his word—after that, there may be as much reconciliation as you please, my dear Hilda, because it will not make any difference. Praise God!" He rose and paced the room excitedly. "Praise God in the highest!" he said with fervour.

He sat down and scribbled a brief note, and gave it to a servant. Then he crossed the hall, and went down the passage to the study. "I wonder," he thought to himself, "does Hilda think that I notice nothing—nothing at all? She is falling in love with Sandell—I use it. He is entirely honourable—I use it. I have been kind to him—and I use that, and now—we really progress."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE rest of the story Claudius had to tell need not be told in his own words. He had come to London with his fifty pounds in his pocket, and had taken cheap lodgings in Bloomsbury. He meant to live economically, but he did not quite know how to do it; he also meant to write, and he did not quite know how to do that either. It was probably his acquaintance with Burnage

and Monsett at Cambridge that had given him this idea of making a living by literature. These two men had been actually printed in a London paper—Burnage once and Monsett twice. In all three cases it was poetry, and unremunerated. Claudius did not think that he could write poetry; he cheerfully acknowledged in Burnage and Monsett their superior talents. But, in common

with most men, he wanted to tell a story—and, unlike most men, he had a story to tell. He had had it for a long time. He remembered vaguely what had started it. He had been one summer evening on a country railway-station; and as he waited for the train, he had read the advertisements, and some chance line of the merest foolishness had been whimsical enough to give him a suggestion. Looking up, he saw at the further end of the platform a woman standing silhouetted against the sunset sky, and the sight of her had carried the suggestion on. It had all been forgotten next day, and all remembered many days afterwards. Since that time it had gone through a long period of change and growth in his own mind, until he knew all the people of his story intimately, and its incidents had become like incidents in his own career. Now, when he had to make his own livelihood, he thought he would write his own novel. Both Burnage and Monsett had drawn for themselves brilliant pictures of literary success, and Claudius had listened. He knew that such success was not for him; he merely hoped to write a passable, readable, and consequently saleable story. There was nothing else that he cared to do.

While he was learning how to write—he was surprised to find there was so very much to learn—and learning how to live economically, the fifty pounds slipped away. There came a day when he left his Bloomsbury lodgings and took all his personal belongings to a shop in the Fulham Road. Nominally and externally it was a second-hand furniture shop, but there was really nothing that its proprietor would not buy and sell. He was an obese man, with a little voice, and a quick, narrow eye, and a watch-chain like a golden snake that suns itself on a hillock. To this man Claudius sold all his books and almost all his clothes, leaving himself hardly enough to keep himself warm—it was late winter.

"Now sir," said the man, when the last iniquitous bargain had been completed, "is there nothing else? I buy anything and sell anything. Think now, sir. Any little bits of furniture? Old carpets or rugs? Fetch 'em away in my own cart and give you no trouble. Or bedding now—I give a fair price for that."

Claudius being in rather a mad and bitter mood, had answered that he would sell himself, body and soul, for one thousand pounds and one year to spend it in.

"Come now, sir," the man went on, "joking apart——"

"I'm not joking, I've nothing else to sell, and I mean what I say."

"Supposing," the man said, rubbing his fat chin, "the law allowed it and I could tie you up somehow: I might risk two hundred pounds and give you your year. It 'ud be a speculytion. But there—there—where'd my security be? No, that's all nonsense."

Claudius went off with something under ten pounds in his pocket. Instead of two rooms in Bloomsbury he now took one small and dirty room in a back street in the Fulham neighbourhood. Here he almost starved himself and constantly overworked himself. He had intended at one time to write his novel to make his living; now he chiefly wanted to live in order to write his novel well. It was, as it were, a race against time, to get the novel finished as he would have it before the little money that he had gave out. Hopelessly improvident and unpractical, he made no calculation for a possible future when the novel might be finished and prove a failure. His experiences in those lower strata of London in which he now lived had helped to make him bitter and angry with the world, so that he told himself that when his novel was finished he would no longer want to live in the world at all. It seemed to be a world in which there was no generosity, and no sense of what was really valuable. To guess the motives of those with whom he came in contact, he persuaded himself that he had only to guess the meanest possible in order to be always right. The struggle for life hardly seemed worth while. Sore as he still was at the treatment he had received from his father, his depression was further increased by his miserable surroundings, his semi-starvation, his occasional loss of his belief in his power to write at all, and his terrible loneliness.

This latter was his own proud and foolish fault. It is true that the friends he might have had in London were quite singularly few, but still there were some. Partly from the belief that he would work best if he worked alone, and

still more from a reluctance to meet in his adversity those whom he had known in his prosperity, or to discuss the quarrel with his father, Claudius had kept to himself. Otherwise Burnage, to do him justice, would have been willing—staunch and loyal—to have walked hand-in-hand with this lonely embryo-novelist until that point when Claudius really needed a friend. Lady Verrider, an old friend of the Sandell family, a kindly and worldly woman who was fond of Claudius, would have gone with him much further; and there were others of less importance who would have been glad to see him. But Claudius would have none of them. The lower he sank in poverty and dejection, the more obstinate he became on this point. He had much the same instinct that makes the wounded animal hide itself.

On the day that the novel was finished, Claudius sent it off to a publishing firm. It came back almost directly, and he sent it to another. He paid his landlady, and had one shilling left in his pocket. And now he thought that he could die quite easily, and soon found that he could not. He was young, and unable to rid himself of the instinctive love of life. There were many ways in which a man of good character and education and some abilities could make a fair livelihood. None of them appealed to his tastes particularly, but he determined to adopt one of them—any one; only it was necessary to have a little money first: he must be able to buy an outfit and pay a railway fare, or he could do nothing. If the publishers accepted his novel, he determined to sink his pride and ask for an advance from them. This was his only chance: he had in his letter to them asked them to let him have their opinion as soon as possible, and somehow or other he must hang on until their letter came. He had only one shilling on which to wait; to speak accurately he had only elevenpence, for the landlady had intimated that she would charge one penny for taking in the letter for him when he was no longer her lodger. As it was necessary to make his elevenpence last as long as possible, he considered that it would be absurd to spend any of it on a bed; the early summer had begun now, fortunately, and the nights were just warm enough to make it possible to keep in the open air without

killing one's self. He had found a spot away on Wimbledon Common, where it was unlikely that anyone would interfere with him. There he slept for nine successive nights; indeed, he spent most of the days there too, for he found himself too weak to do very much walking about. On the morning of the tenth he had only one penny left out of the shilling, which the landlady would want if there was a letter for him. He walked slowly to his old lodging in Fulham, and inquired if there was a letter.

There was a letter, and the novel had come back again. The landlady refused to take his penny, and said that he could leave the parcel with her. His first sensation was one of intense delight that he would now be able to buy something to eat. He hurried off; when he got to the baker's shop, he was so breathless that he could hardly ask for what he wanted. He bought a penny loaf and hid it under his coat, breaking bits off it and eating them as he went along. It was very beautiful bread, he thought.

When he had finished half the bread, he put the rest in his pocket. He had a vague idea that when he had come to the end of the bread, he would have come to the end of everything. It was with the greatest difficulty that he walked back to Wimbledon Common. There among some furze bushes, out of sight, he lay down. Late in the evening he finished his bread. He did not sleep that night, but in the early morning he dozed off for an hour or two. When he awoke, the world seemed to be very far off; nothing that he had ever said or done seemed to him to be quite real. There was no gnawing of hunger now, and even the instinctive craving for mere life had left him. He did not think about his novel at all, but he noticed very small things: he picked a big leaf and counted the veins in it carefully. A gradual drowsiness came over him and he had moments when his consciousness seemed to go, and he was not sure whether he was walking or lying down.

It was on that night that—as has already been described—the doctor found him.

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Claudius did not tell all this. He gave the bare facts without comment,



and hardly recorded at all what his sensations had been. When he had finished Mrs. Lamb rose and said quietly : "That has been very interesting to me, Mr. Sandell. I am sorry that you suffered so much. You must not suffer any more—life must be made easy for you."

"It has been already—too easy, I'm afraid."

"I am tired and must say good-night."

She gave him her hand. It shook visibly, and even Sandell noticed that she seemed to be with difficulty concealing some emotion. He reproached himself.

"Ah, Mrs. Lamb," he said, "you must not believe too much in my own story of my own sufferings. One is ignobly tempted to make the most of such things when one is speaking to sympathetic people."

"No," she said, "you did not do that. But I certainly am sympathetic. Good-night, Mr. Sandell; good-night, Gabriel."

Dr. Lamb looked at her curiously from narrowed eyes. He looked like a chess-player, hovering over a great and final move, whose attention has been for a moment distracted. "Good-night, my dear," he said.

When she had got upstairs that night, she hesitated a moment before the door of the room that had been her dead baby's nursery. Her thin white hand touched the handle of the door and then left it. She dared not go in. In her own room she flung herself on the bed; after a minute or two she rose and knelt down. There were prayers which she said in a certain formal order every

night. She began the first of them in a low voice :

"Almighty and most merciful——"

Then she stopped suddenly, her whole body shaken by a dry sob.

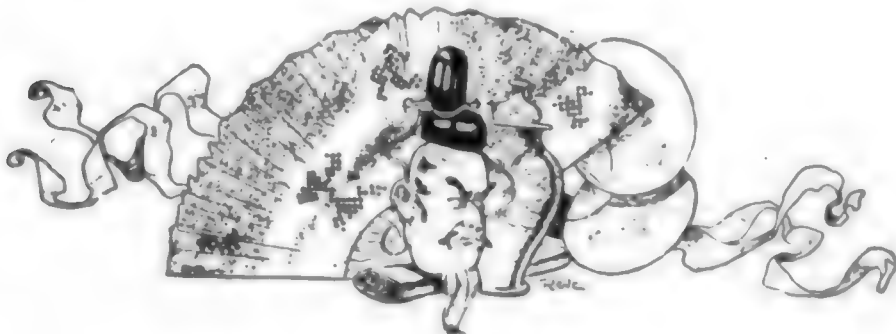
"God help me!" she wailed. "God help me! I'm a wicked woman. I hate Gabriel, I hate him—hate him. Make me love him again. Take away my sin, my sin that I can't help or fight against any more!"

Even in the moment of her prayer, she felt no faintest hope. This sudden, awful love for Claudius that had come upon her seemed to have entered too deeply, to be part of her, so that not even the fires of torment could burn it out. In great anguish she prayed on :

"Was I not tried enough and hurt enough? Every day I see women in the street that have their babies with them, and they're laughing. They don't know that they're driving me mad. They don't know it, but they are. I bore it all when my darling was taken away from me. I bore it all when I lost Gabriel's love, too. Only have mercy now! Do not let me be wicked! Oh, God!"

Once more she stopped suddenly. This time she rose to her feet. "It's no use," she said. "God has left me." She did not sob any more at all, she was perfectly quiet.

When the dawn stole into her room, hours afterwards, she still lay with eyes wide open. Her hands rested quietly by her side; all through her sleepless hours she had hardly moved. It was such a little thing to loose one's sleep, when one had lost one's child, and love, and God.



# Ladies' Clubs.

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK DOLMAN. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

**O**F course, the most interesting feature in London club-life at present is the Encroachment of Woman. It has not yet affected venerable and dignified establishments like the Athenæum and the Carlton; but, with these exceptions, the whole field has been captured by the invaders. The National Liberal was among the first to capitulate, by permitting ladies to take tea on its terrace facing the river and the Embankment Gardens, after the manner of the House of Commons. Five o'clock tea soon became an institution at a score of other famous clubs. Followed evening receptions, ladies' house dinners and even dances, 'till now the victors are pausing to take breath and to recover from the surprise of their triumph. In some clubs a few misogynists have raised voices of protest against the innovations, but only to be outvoted by the younger and more "up-to-date" members. Great, indeed, is this advance on the time when petticoats in a Pall Mall club would have been regarded with the same horror as playing cards in a church. Tom Hood in his *Comic Annual* made the aggrieved lady declare:

*Of all the modern schemes of man  
That time has brought to bear,  
A plague upon the wicked plan  
That parts the wedded pair!  
My wedded friends, they all allow  
They meet with slights and snubs,  
And say they have no husbands now,  
They're wedded to the clubs.*

But all that is changed in these latter days. The successful attack upon men's

stronghold has been effected concurrently with the rise and growth of ladies' clubs, and of clubs where they have equal rights with their husbands and brothers. To some extent there may be the relation of cause and effect between the two circumstances. The club-man whose wife threatened to join a rival institution might possibly prefer to take her to his own club occasionally. Or it may be that having tasted the pleasures of club-life many a woman has not been content

till she could enjoy them whenever she wished. Be that as it may, however, the last dozen years or so have witnessed the establishment of six ladies' clubs in the West End of London, with an aggregate membership of about five thousand. At least three of these clubs approximate to the Pall Mall standard in comfort and luxury—the Ladies' County, in Hanover Square; the Pioneer, in Bruton Street; and the Victorian, in Sackville Street, Piccadilly. I have visited all three—so I know. The

Alexandra, in Grosvenor Street, and the University, in Maddox Street, will not admit men-callers, I believe, on any pretence whatever, thus retaliating still upon the long-maintained intolerance of the other sex. These two clubs, too, are exclusive in other senses, presumably in those of aristocracy and culture: the Alexandra excludes from membership all who have not been presented at Court, and the University all who have not attended college.

"Gentlemen visitors will be admitted to the luncheon and tea rooms only:" so runs the rule of the Ladies' County Club. "Members may introduce gentlemen as



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey



MRS. C. H. ABBOTT (MISS T. R. TAYLOR): PRESIDENT OF THE LADIES' COUNTY CLUB  
From a photograph by Searle Brothers

visitors to the front drawing-rooms and dining-room to all meals except the Thursday Club Dinner:" thus the Pioneer. The Somerville Club, in Oxford Street, and the Writers' Club, in Norfolk Street, Strand, which complete the tale at present of ladies' clubs, are similarly hospitable to the other sex. The two

last-named differ from the rest in consisting ostensibly of women who work for their living: the Writers' of authors and journalists, and the Somerville of professional women generally. The Somerville, which was first started in '81, is the oldest of the ladies' clubs. It has had rather a chequered career; and,



though it had once some fifteen hundred members, the roll has now shrunk to one-third of that number. With a membership of twelve hundred the Ladies' County Club is the largest of its kind in town—or for that matter in the world. It is a remarkable fact that this number has been enrolled at the highest



MRS. MASSINGBERD: PRESIDENT OF THE  
PIONEER CLUB

From a photograph by Bullingham, South Kensington

subscription—three guineas, with an entrance fee of the same amount. In the other ladies' clubs the subscription ranges from this sum to twelve shillings and sixpence, which is the modest annual payment of members of the Somerville. It is in the Ladies' County, the Victorian, and the Pioneer that comparison can best be effected between the club-life of women and that of men. It seems like, and is yet so unlike. In the reading-room there is the same perusal of journals and magazines by members ensconced in cosy chairs. In the dining-room there is the same enjoyment of the mid-day chop, or the "little dinner," with the unwonted spectacle of women paying for men, and of neat-handed Phyllises waiting at table. But, save at the Pioneer, a "conversation room" takes the place of one dedicated to the weed, and from the Pioneer smoking-room liquor is sternly banished. The Pioneers encourage the

lady's cigarette, but denounce the lady's glass of wine. The Victorian, on the other hand, would appear to keep an excellent cellar. On the smoking question none of the ladies' clubs, I believe, has set its face against the habit, but so far the Pioneer is the only one where members desirous of smoking are sufficiently numerous to justify setting a room apart for the purpose. It is also to be observed that at present none of the ladies possesses a billiard-room, though the Somerville contemplates this concession to its members.

The rules at these ladies' clubs strike one as uncommon stringent. On the subject of visitors, for instance, it is laid down in the code of the Ladies' County Club that "in the event of any lady or gentleman being introduced into the club-house whom the committee or the proprietress consider detrimental to the establishment, a written request will be sent to the member asking her to refrain from bringing such lady or gentleman in future, and the hall porter will have orders to refuse admittance." The committee of the Pioneer consider it necessary to stipulate that "no member shall seek to induce any club servant to take a situation elsewhere, or engage the said servant within a period of three months from time of leaving." The object of this rule, apparently mysterious, is to protect members from the worry of servants desiring to find new "places." At any rate, it is interesting after this to read the words of the Somerville committee "earnestly impressing upon the members the urgent necessity for attention to the rules." "The officials would be saved a vast amount of unnecessary trouble," the committee proceeds, "if ladies would only remember that no public institution can be kept in a prosperous condition without due observance of its rules and bye-laws."

Ladies of rank have now given their cachet to feminine clubdom. The members of the Ladies' County, for instance, include the Duchess of Bedford, the Lady Violet Beaumont, Lady Caroline Grenville, the Hon. Mrs. Courtenay Vernon, and the Hon. Mrs. Hussey Vivian, and others. The Pioneer list contains women whose names are familiar to the reading public, as Miss Olive Schreiner, "John Oliver Hobbes," Madame Sarah Grand, Miss Mathilde Blind and Lady Henry Somerset. It is

a curious feature of this club, however, that members are known to each other not by their names, but by numbers. A candidate elected just now would become "Pioneer six hundred and——" But then the Pioneer has other objects than social intercourse and the satisfaction of the inner woman. You are reminded of this fact in every room of the handsome and well-furnished club-house. For this purpose Walt Whitman's poem, "Pioneers! O, Pioneers!" is freely used. In the entrance-hall, in coloured letters on the glass, it is "We the route for travel clearing" and "All the hands of comrades clasping." In the drawing-room, by the mantelpiece, you find a whole verse inscribed:

*O, you daughters of the West!  
O, you young and elder daughters! O,  
you mothers and you wives!  
Never must you be divided, in our ranks  
you move united,  
Pioneers! O, pioneers!*

Across the archway of the two drawing-rooms is the Club's motto: "In great things, Unity. In small things, Liberty. In all things, Charity," which it owes, of course, to St. Augustine. Then I remember to have seen somewhere about the place the significant dicta: "They say." "What say they?" "Let them say." In propaganda, the important event in the Pioneers' club-life is the debate every Thursday evening during session, and it is this that has made the Club widely known. Good speaking is often to be heard at these symposia, and there is great freedom in choice of subject. The Pioneers have recently discussed whether or not the sexes are equal, mentally or physically. Modern Fiction, the Ethics of Luxury, Parliamentary Obstruction, and the Parson in Modern Drama. On this evening is held the famous Club Dinner, to which no mere man can be invited. The members of the Somerville are also fond of their debates, but at present the other clubs have not got beyond concerts and "at homes."

The provincial cities begin to follow London's lead, and there are ladies' clubs at Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leeds, Bath, Exeter, though at present these clubs do little beyond catering for ladies who go into these places occasionally for their shopping, providing them with lunch, tea, and a comfortable resting-place. Still, the Newcastle Ladies' Club,

one of the first out of London, has "a special room in which to meet and entertain gentlemen friends." This is probably the first step to the fuller development of club-life among provincial ladies.

The two or three London clubs that admit both men and women to membership, such as the Albemarle and the Grosvenor, may be said, perhaps, to belong to the transition stage in the "woman movement" in club-life. It has yet to be seen whether they can long survive the rise of the woman's club, on the one hand, and the change in the policy of the man's club, on the other. Yet the last year or so has brought forth an important addition to this variety in the Bath Club. This club, with its fine quarters in Piccadilly, has already secured a large and influential membership of both sexes. One of its objects is the provision of facilities for swimming, and, consequently, its fine baths are reserved, on stated days, for the ladies'



MRS. ALEC SMART: PRESIDENT OF THE  
NEW VICTORIAN CLUB  
From a photograph by C. Vandyk

enjoyment. A committee of ladies, which assists in the management of the club, includes the Duchess of Portland and Lady Jeune, whilst Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree are among the members. Despite the present-day tendencies, there is reason to fear that club-life will always make for bachelorhood. The time may come, too, when unchosen spinsters of uncertain age will turn to their clubs for consolation. The club is

a home such as few men can hope to obtain for themselves as the sequel to matrimony—a home of luxury and ease such as only married men of fortune can command. With a good club many of the practical discomforts of bachelor-

hood disappear. And as these considerations may come to have weight with young ladies in similar circumstances, so the establishment of the ladies' club may prove one of the strongest measures of self-defence the sex has ever adopted.



"ONLY THE SONG OF A SECRET BIRD"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. HERTELDOHN



## *Comrades in Arms.*

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM PIGOTT. ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD.

**A**LIGHT was shining through the darkness, across the moor. It came from a house upon the further skirt—a farmstead, snug among its sheltering trees. As the night-wind stirred the branches, it vanished and appeared again, like a will-o'-the-wisp. It guided the course of a solitary horseman upon the moss-grown road. He wore a dragoon uniform—not fresh and beautiful, but all faded, stained with the glory of war. His coat had been red once, his breeches had been white; they were both of a dun colour now. His helmet and his shoulder straps and the gilt slashings on his breast had shone when he started; he returned with their lustre sadly dimmed.

At night the path across the moor must be taken steadily, but the horseman showed no impatience to be forward faster. He rode with bent head and loose bridle, while his horse picked its

way gingerly on over the springy turf. His face was browned with exposure and somewhat pinched, but young; his eyes were dull and weary, like the eyes of a man who is heavy at heart; yet he knew that his sweetheart was waiting at the farm: that her eyes would grow brighter, her cheeks redder, and her smile be wondrous soft when she met him at the door. Such was the welcome before him: behind him was a glorious campaign and the deathless name of Waterloo; yet he rode over the moor in the darkness with bent head and heavy eyes, his bridle loose.

Inside the room where the light was burning an old man lay upon his death-bed. His daughter sat beside him and held his hand in hers. It was a "horny hand," the rough, hard hand of a man of toil, but shrunken and wasted. It showed the change that had been worked in him more than his face: which, save when a



"HE RODE WITH BENT HEAD AND LOOSE BRIDLE"

fit of coughing racked his frame, lay set among the pillows, wrinkled indeed, but painless and placid. The girl at his side was comely, and dressed after the simple taste of a country maid, albeit she had lost something of the bloom of health, perhaps from much watching.

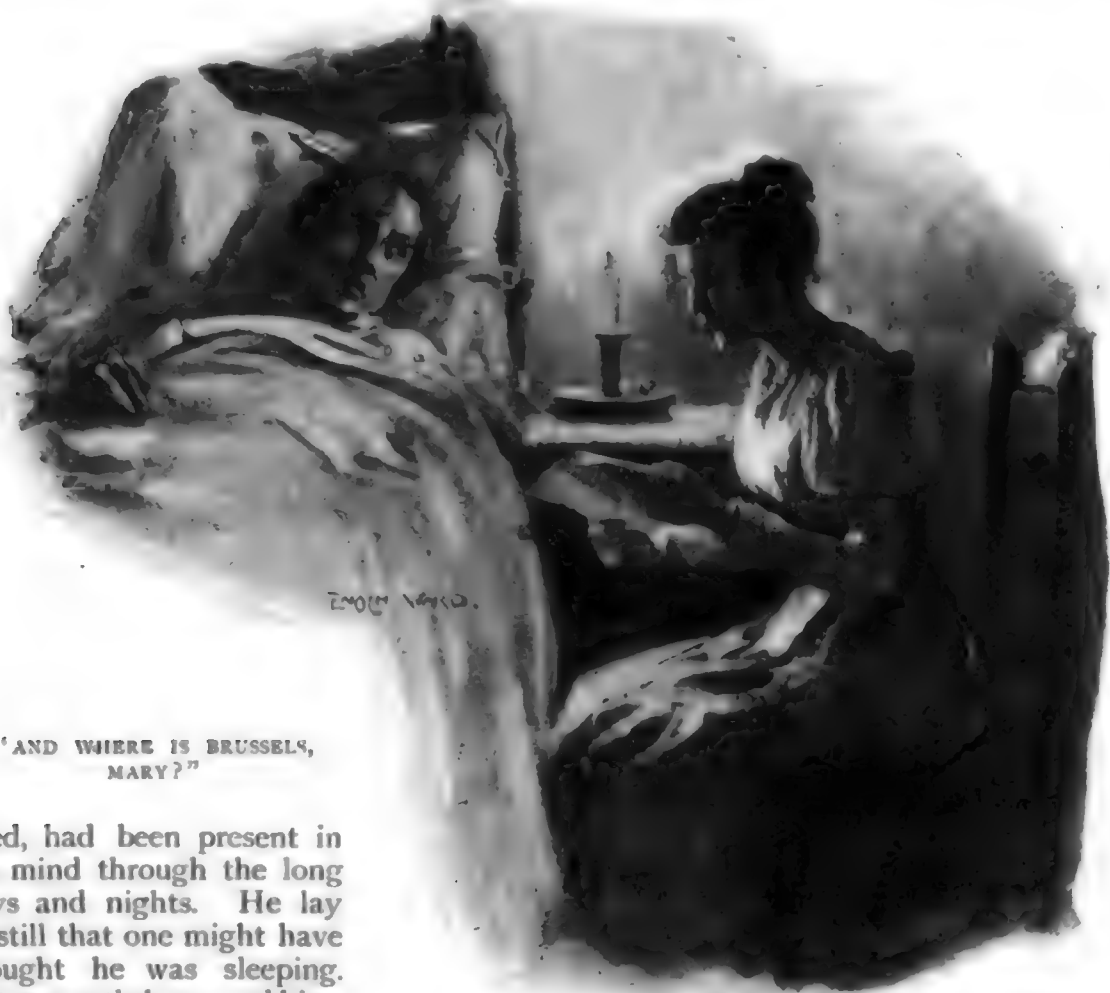
Her father was very weak : this night he seemed weaker than usual. As she sat and gazed into his face, her eyes were full of tenderness, for she knew what he was thinking of. Only one subject, in-

"Thank 'ee, lass, thank 'ee. I think I'll a' you read it again to me. I've been wondering if he said aught about the time o' his home coming."

"He couldn't say anything, father. He didn't know for sure whether he was to come home or not."

"Aye! But he says something. Read what he says, my girl."

Mary opened the draggled letter. It was so short! Each time she read it she wished the more that she could make



"AND WHERE IS BRUSSELS,  
MARY?"

deed, had been present in his mind through the long days and nights. He lay so still that one might have thought he was sleeping. But presently he roused himself and opened his eyes.

"Hast the letter, Mary?" he said, in a thin voice.

This was the forty-second time he had asked the question since the letter had come a week ago. His daughter made no sign of impatience. She gently smoothed his coverings, and answered as she had answered forty-one times before: "It is under your pillow, father. You know you said you would like it there."

He made a feeble effort to reach it, but the girl slipped her hand in before him and took out the ragged and much-thumbed letter.

it longer for the hungry ears that were taking it in. "It is written from Brussels," she began by saying; "on the 19th of June in this year of grace 1815."

"And where is Brussels, Mary?"

"It's in the foreign parts where the war is," said Mary.

"It's a weary way off, I doubt. It'd take me and my old horse best part of a week, I dessay, afore we got there?"

"You would never get there on a horse, father. There is all the water to cross—the sea, you know."

"Deary, deary, yes—so you telled me afore. Well, read the letter, lass."

*My dear Father, Mary read: We have won a great victory. Yesterday we met the whole French army at a place twenty miles from here, and fought them from ten till dusk. The heat was awful, but our men stuck to their work like the beauties they are. The Prussians never came up till the end; so, being fresh, we left them to chase the Frenchers. Some say the Emperor is taken, but I can't say if this is so or not. I have a small hurt from a pistol-shot in the ribs; but I don't think that will be much. They say this will end the war. If it does I shall soon be back. Cousin Charles is well. He is sending a letter to Mary. Don't think about the wound—it is nothing. God send I may see you soon. — Your loving son,*

FRED.

There was a glow of pride in the old man's face when the letter was finished.

"He's a good lad," he said; "he's a good son. Put the letter aneath my piller, Mary. Aye, it'll be handy aneath my piller."

A fit of coughing seized him, and for a time his poor frame was wrung and shaken till it seemed a marvel that it held together. Mary stood over him and spoke soothing words, but the attack must take its course. Presently it abated; but his breath came short and sharp, and the sweat had burst out on his face.

"Give me the physic, lass," he panted. "The physic eases me; I catch my breath better when I've had the physic."

She took the simple remedy from the shelf and gave a careful portion to her father. It brought him relief, and he

lay quiet, his breath still short but more regular.

"A letter come to *you* from forrin parts?" he said, suddenly.

A flush rose to the girl's cheeks, and her eyes became busied with her finger-tips.

"Yes, father," she replied.

"It was from Charles Manson likely?"

"Yes, father," she replied again.

"Just read me what Charles Manson



"...LIE TO HIM," SHE WHISPERED

says." The old man was pleased with the vein he had struck. "He's a deal to say about Fred, I lay."

One tear and then another started from the little woman's eyes and trickled slowly down her face. Her father watched her in silence and wonder. At last he saw his mistake.

"Aye, what a body I be!" he exclaimed. "Why, lass, he's sent 'ee a love letter?"

Mary came and knelt by the bed and hid her face in the pillows.

"Yes, father," she said for the third time.

The worn hand was laid upon her head.

"There'll be a many things to say when they come, lass. Charles Manson'll want to a' a word, I'm thinking. My! and Fred'll be strange and pleased to hear about the price o' wheat. Lordy, yes, we must keep in mind to tell un about the price o' wheat."

But the horseman on the moor was coming nearer.

When he reached the wicket he dismounted and led his horse to the stable behind with the stealth of a man on some evil enterprise. He returned as quietly to the front and stood waiting. He was a soldier; he had helped to raise his country to a pinnacle among the nations, yet he feared to knock at the door.

The minutes jogged on while he stood there. His face had turned paler; his heart thumped beneath his uniform. At last he raised his hand and knocked timidly. There was a stir in the room above, and presently the sound of loosening bolts; the door was drawn back, and Mary stood in the opening with a white face.

"Charles!" she cried. "Unhurt! O, Charles!" She was in his arms, and he pressed her for a moment. A moment only, and the light left her face. "But alone?"

"Alone, Mary," said the soldier.

This woman showed a braver front than had the man. All her nature told her to weep. The impulse was supreme to throw herself into the arms of her lover and give her grief full vent, but she overcame the impulse. The door at the head of the stairs was ajar, and she stood with twitching lips, silent. Shortly she drew the man into the porch. "Tell me," she said, "but tell me low."

"There's a sorry little to tell," said he. "The wound was a bad one, but he made as though it was a scratch—that was the trouble with him. He would have it that naught to bother was amiss. The hurt got worse and festered, and in three days he was in a fever. Before the end of it he came to and saw how things were going. It was a crying time, Mary. He sent his love to his father and his love to you."

In the silence they heard a thin, piping voice call down the stairs: "Tell him he can come up, lass."

Mary held her lover by the hand. "Lie to him," she whispered. "It's most over with him, but he'll die happier not to know."

When they entered the sick room, the old man had partly raised himself and was sitting agape. It was as though they had not come in: his eyes, with joy in them, were still watching the door.

"You can tell him he can come in, my girl," he repeated.

The girl set his head back among the pillows. "Fred is not here yet," she said, softly.

The weak face drooped pitifully. "Lor, but I made sure he'd come!"

"Soon, father. Charles has come, you see."

Dully he turned his head. At the sight of his nephew's uniform some animation came into his eyes. "My!" he said, "but you don't look so pretty as when you went!"

"P'raps there's more grit aneath it, uncle?"

"I lay there is, Charles: I lay there is. You left him i' London town, did you say?"

Mary had come round the bed, and was standing at the side of the dragoon. He felt a soft pressure on his hand. "Yes, uncle," he replied.

"Lord Wellington it was as kept him, I dessay?"

Another pressure. "Yes, uncle, it was Lord Wellington."

"The Regent's making a bit o' fuss of him, mebbe?"

The dragoon shifted his feet, and for a moment hesitated.

"Do you hear Charles?" said Mary. "Father thinks that perhaps the Regent has taken notice of Fred."

"Aye," said the old man, "I make no doubt o' that."

"And no need to," said the soldier, roundly.

"Lor, to think of it! Well, well, the lad must a' his chances. Mebbe, he'll come soon. But I'd as lief he'd come now."

He closed his eyes wearily. The candle guttered and Mary snuffed it. She made no noise, but the soldier watched her as though the act had been one of some grave moment. He took her hand once more, and the two re-





"THEY'LL GIVE HIM MEDALS FOR THIS"

mained watching in silence. A clock ticked noisily in a corner of the room. Presently the invalid opened his eyes again. "I'm thinking, Charles Manson," he said, "as you would see him i' the fight."

This ground was surer. "I did see him," said Charles.

"And a fine brave show he made, I lay?"

"There was none made a finer. He was ever ready and ever to the front. In the thick of it all I had sight of him at times, with his face set and his sword arm a-swinging. It was a fight for freedom, Uncle, and not many of the Frenchers came within sweep o' Fred but had cause to rue it. Oh, it would a' gladdened your eyes to a' seen him on that day!"

The dying man had gradually risen—his body quivering, his face all alight with the glory that filled him. "They'll give him medals for this!" he cried. "Aye, they're fair sure to give him medals for this!"

The effort had been over his strength, and he dropped back exhausted. So solemnly and slowly the clock ticked off the labouring minutes. When he spoke again, his voice was barely audible. "What's o'clock," he said.

"It's drawing to midnight, Father."

"Drawing to midnight—and the lad bain't come. I thought, mebbe, he'd a' come afore this. It's a fine thing for the Regent to take so nice to un—but, lor, it's weary waiting. What ses he? O, lad, God send I may see you soon."

After this he lay so still that it seemed to the watchers the end was already. But the poor lips moved again, and Mary, by bending low, heard the gasps hardly:

"A good lad—and the Regent—the Regent he—aye—we mus' keep in mind—to tell—the Regent—about—about the price o' wheat."

So God sent that he saw him soon.



## Stars that Have Set.

THE list of great London theatrical actor-managers is so formidable that as the mind's eye ranges from past to present, notes a Cibber and a Garrick at one end of the roll-call, and marks, at the other, those eminent men to-day engaged upon like work under modern conditions, we realise that the subject is too extensive for treatment in one article. Here then it is proposed to devote attention only to those whose triumphs are past, whose achievements in the cause of the art that they loved are no more than treasured memories; and even then it will be seen that, amid the stars that have set, from Colley Cibber to Samuel Phelps is a field of inquiry something too wide for the scope of a single paper.

The first named actor-manager and dramatic author was born in London, on November 6th, 1671, and choosing the stage as a profession, made his earliest appearance as a lad of nineteen, at Drury Lane Theatre, the fortunes of which afterwards destined famous house were to remain in his hands for so long a period. Colley's progress was slow at first, but in 1695 the secession from Drury Lane of all the principal actors gave him his opportunity, and playgoers for the first time realised that he promised to make a comedian of more than average talent. His first play, *Love's Last Shift*, was performed at Drury Lane in 1696, and its success won him some fame as author. His prosperity and reputation increased until, in 1710, after a short season at the Haymarket Theatre, Cibber joined Steele, Wilks and Booth in the management of Drury Lane. Here he

enjoyed supreme power until his final retirement in 1733; and despite the satire and reproach levelled at him for a dull dog by the poets and wits of his time, Colley must be allowed the credit which is due to him. He did much to cleanse the stage and raised the tone of it; and though Art owes him little, decency is undoubtedly his debtor. His plays call for no comment, but his book, *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber*, is one of the most interesting

autobiographies ever written. In 1730 Cibber, at all times an active partisan of the Protestant succession, was appointed Poet Laureate, in which capacity he wrote some of the worst verse in the language, and became the hero of *The Dunciad*. He died suddenly on December 11th, 1757, after a career of remarkable activity. A good story of his wit is on record. Refusing to allow a young actor a prominent part in a Court scene, a noble patron of the youthful performer challenged Cibber and demanded



COLLEY CIBBER

an explanation with some heat. "It is not with us as with you, my lord," explained the manager. "Your lordship is doubtless sensible that there is no difficulty in filling places at Court; you can never be at a loss for persons to act their parts there; but I assure you it is quite otherwise in my theatrical court. There, if we should invest people with characters which they were unable to support, we would be undone."

David Garrick, the "English Roscius," was born in 1717, at Hereford, and, during his twentieth year, began to study Latin and Greek under Samuel Johnson. After but a brief course of study, both master



GARRICK AND HIS WIFE

and scholar started for London, Garrick to study "the mathematics," with philosophy and other branches of learning, as a preliminary to the Bar. During 1738 the future tragedian went into business, or as Foote caustically put it, "purchased three quarts of vinegar, put them in his cellar, and called himself a wine merchant"; but that venture proving futile, Garrick delayed his destiny not much longer, and, in the summer of 1841, made his first appearance on the public stage under the name of "Lyddal." *Harlequin* was amongst the earliest parts he played, and after a successful season at Ipswich, the young actor came straight to London, and opened at the theatre of Goodman's Fields—a playhouse then under the management of his friend Giffard. Richard III. was his first character;

success, instantaneous and splendid, rewarded the effort, and from that time forward David Garrick's career was one of almost uninterrupted prosperity. He played at both the patent theatres, and with James Lacy became joint lessee of Drury Lane in 1747. Until 1776 he continued to direct the fortunes of the leading playhouse, but during that year retired alike from management and the stage. He died three years afterwards, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In tragedy, comedy and farce, Garrick appears to have been equally at home, and his wonderful art went far to liberate the stage from its ancient bonds of formality and false tradition. He laid a foundation for the more natural school which followed him, and dramatic art records no greater name. In 1749



Garrick made a happy marriage, wedding Miss Eva Violette, a celebrated dancer of the day. She long survived her husband, only passing away in 1822, at the great age of ninety-seven. Her delightful letter to Edmund Kean, and his reply, will be remembered. On the night of that actor's benefit, May 24th, 1814, he essayed the part of "Abel Drugger," one of Garrick's most famous impersonations. Mrs. Garrick was present, and on the following day wrote to Kean in these words:

*Dear Sir,—You cannot play "Abel Drugger."*—Yours, EVA GARRICK.

Kean thus made answer:

*Dear Madame,—I know it.*—Yours,  
EDMUND KEAN.

But the tragedian and Garrick's widow were good friends, and in after years, when Kean was lamenting a bad notice, Mrs. Garrick, then a very old lady, advised him to escape from such trivial annoyances by writing his own criticisms. "Davy always did so," she concluded.

We reproduce Hogarth's famous portraits of the tragedian and his wife, in which Davy poses as author and his lady snatches his pen. Of Garrick's literary productions his dramatic pieces are unimportant; but many of his epilogues,

up in words written during 1751. "A good play," says he, "is the roast beef of Old England; and song and gaudy decoration are but the horseradish round



W. C. MACREADY

the dish." Some playgoers echo these words to-day, and that pretty frequently; yet what gem is the worse for right setting?

The success of John Philip Kemble's great sister, Mrs. Siddons, brought him his first opportunity of appearing in the metropolis. He was born during 1757, and, according to the usual story told of every eminent actor, before and since, rejected the profession for which his father designed him (in Kemble's case the Church), and turned with hereditary instinct to the boards. He made his first appearance in 1776 at Wolverhampton, and afterwards joined the famous York circuit, but it was not until 1783 that he appeared in London: as Hamlet, at Drury Lane. From 1788 Kemble managed Drury Lane for Sheridan, and produced Shakespeare and the legitimate drama with a care and completeness at that time strange to the stage. In 1802 he purchased a share in Covent Garden Theatre—a playhouse which six years later was burned to the ground. On the opening of the new building the famous O. P. riots brought the Kemble family into temporary unpopularity, but when the manager bowed to the storm and reverted to the former prices in his theatre, the public speedily



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE

prologues, and occasional verses attain high merit. We may note, finally, that his views on sensational mounting and lavish production appear to be summed

became his friend as formerly. The dignified and stately personages of tragedy have probably never been acted as by John Kemble. History records that his *Coriolanus*, *Brutus* and *Cato*, were flawless representations. The great actor retired in 1817, and died at Lausanne, some six years later. He was a rare elocutionist and valued above all things the purity and distinction of his mother tongue, as an excellent anecdote illustrates. When giving lessons in elocution to the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness, according to the affected foppery of the day, mauled the language in courtly manner, much to Kemble's irritation. But the word "obleege," continually repeated, was too much for the actor, who at last, with polite words and a face of the utmost disgust, spoke to his august pupil: "Sir, sir—may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your royal jaws and say 'oblige'!" Many another good story is told of John Kemble. In 1791 he chose to play Charles Surface, a character far out of his usual line. Meeting Reynolds at dinner soon afterwards, the flattering host asserted that never, since the days of Smith, had there been such a Charles, and declared that Kemble's rendering of the part should be known as "Charles' Restoration." In an undertone, but overheard by Kemble himself, Reynolds rather thought that the recent performance should be known as "Charles' Martyrdom;" and Kemble cheerfully agreed with him. "Not long since," he said, "I unfortunately took too much wine and fell out with a stranger in the street. Next morning when I came to my senses I felt that I had done wrong and offered the man any reasonable reparation. He met me half way. 'Promise never again to play Charles Surface and I shall be perfectly satisfied,' he answered me. I did so, and shall keep my word."

William Charles Macready came of theatrical parents. He was born in 1793, and educated at Rugby, for the bar, but his father's profession had greater attractions for him, and he opened his distinguished career at Birmingham, in 1810. Six years later young Macready appeared in London as "Orestes," in the *Distress Mother*, at Covent Garden Theatre, and for the next twenty years he laboured at his profession, climbing the ladder by slow and steady stages. In 1837 he may be regarded as the leading English actor,

and his famous management of Covent Garden Theatre dates from that period. Surrounded by a brilliant company, which included Miss Faucit, Miss Vandenhoff, Miss Horton and Mrs. Warner, with Phelps and James Anderson, he produced Shakespeare in noteworthy fashion, and did much to elevate and reform the theatre. He afterwards undertook the management of Drury Lane, and on the expiration of a three years' lease, in 1843, played in the Provinces, on the Continent, and in America. While rehearsing *Hamlet*, in New York, a good story is told of him. The "Guildestern" pressed too near his person, and persisted in the fault though repeatedly corrected. Macready at last grew angry. "What, sir! would you shake hands with Hamlet?" he exclaimed indignantly. "I don't see why not," answered the Republican "Guildestern," "I've shook hands with the President in my time, anyway." Forrest's bitter jealousy of Macready led to grave trouble in the States, and no less than twenty lives were lost at the Astor Place Theatre, in 1849, when Forrest's mob, fighting to get at Macready, were fired upon by the military.

In February, 1851, the tragedian took his farewell of the stage, at Drury Lane, in his great part of "Macbeth." He afterwards lived in retirement at Sherborne and Cheltenham, and passed at the latter town, on the 27th April, 1873. An actor of great power and splendid bearing, Macready specially distinguished himself, as "Macbeth," "Lear," "King John," and "Cassius"; while in the more melodramatic parts of "Werner," "Viginius," and "Claude Melnotte," he also won the highest praise of his time. That he brought powerful influence for good to bear upon his art, and went far to improve the position of the stage, is certain.

The name of Charles James Mathews, as theatrical manager, will always be associated with that of Madame Vestris. He was born in 1803, followed in his famous father's footsteps, and after varied experiences in his profession, entered into management at the Adelphi during 1835, with Mr. Yates as partner. But the venture proved unsuccessful, and his managerial triumphs date from 1836, at the Olympic, in connection with the accomplished actress who became his wife two years afterwards. Many of his own plays and adaptations were given



with varying success. In 1839 the Theatre Royal Covent Garden opened under the same management. Artistically, the entertainments there supplied were marked by wonderful taste and splendour, and a grand company of comedians supported the management; but few new dramas were presented, and of these *London Assurance* was the only one which

is remembered to-day. In 1847 Charles Mathews and his wife took the Lyceum, and retained possession for a period of eight years. To the lady belongs vast credit for her artistic attention to *mise en scène*; and Mr. Mathews took advantage of his wife's talent in this direction, sparing no trouble and expense in his revivals and productions. Light farce

was usually provided, but the very daintiest, best and most brilliant of its kind. Success smiled on the enterprise for some years, but financial troubles



MADAME VESTRIS

came at the close, and in March, 1855, Mathews announced his departure from the boards, and "from all management at once and for ever." In 1856 died Mrs. Charles Mathews, and the great comedian's subsequent career need not here concern us, as he kept his word and never again entered into management. He was a man of marvellous energy and resolution, and his literary activity alone presents a fair life's record of work. From a list furnished by himself we find he adapted from the French three-and-forty plays: one piece in eight acts! one in five, six in three, and others of two acts and one

Charles John Kean was born in 1811, and designed for a learned profession by his father, who swore oftentimes that he would be the first and last tragedian to bear the name. But Edmund Kean's unhappy excesses and extravagances rendered it necessary for his son to bestir himself actively, and after being educated at Eton, he appeared, when but sixteen years of age, as "Young Norval," at Drury Lane. Hard work won him a fair position in his profession, his efforts being greatly aided by the rare talents of his wife, Miss Ellen Tree, whom he married in 1842. In 1850 began the gorgeous series of revivals at the Princess's Theatre

with which the name of Charles Kean will be chiefly associated. He retired from management some ten years later, from the stage in 1867, and from life in 1868. As a tragic actor he is not to be named in the same breath with Edmund Kean, but in melodrama his acting has been called admirable. Once, and once only, did Charles Kean act with that marvellous genius, his parent. On March 25th, 1833, father and son appeared in *Othello*, playing the Moor and "Iago" respectively. It was Edmund Kean's last appearance, and though literally dying by inches on the stage, he yet found time and affection to note with pride how well his son was performing. "I suppose that's because he's acting with me!" said the proud father, forgetting his former bitter opposition. The actor's strength, however, failed him before the end of the play, and just as he began the speech, "Villain, be sure, &c.," his head sank upon his son's shoulder. "I am dying; speak to them for me!" he groaned, and a moment later was carried from the stage, to pass away a few weeks afterwards.

John Baldwin Buckstone was born at Hoxton, in 1802, adopted the stage as his profession twenty years later, and after strange experiences and some priva-



CHARLES KEAN

tions in the provinces, he worked his way to the front. He played from 1827 to 1833 at the Adelphi, visited America in 1840, and after other engagements in



London extending over years, entered upon his famous control of the Haymarket Theatre in 1853. His reign lasted for no less than five-and-twenty years, and his brilliant comedy is still a treasured memory to the last generation of playgoers. He acted as Chairman at the Anniversary Festival of the Royal General Theatrical Fund in 1855; and on that occasion he made a humorous speech in which his audience were allowed an interesting glimpse into the early life of the famous comedian. At length he described his famous walk of seventy-two miles "on 4½d. and in a pair of dancing pumps," from Northampton to London. The famous comedian died in 1879, leaving behind him a well-won reputation for rare comicality and humour, and some hundred and fifty plays and farces, many of which enjoyed considerable success during their author's life-time.

Samuel Phelps, a manager who may justly be classed with Charles Kean, in the artistic value of those great Shakespearean revivals for which he was responsible, will always be remembered in connection with the theatre of Sadler's

Wells. In 1844 the "New Theatres Regulation Act" having come into operation, Mr. Phelps, in conjunction with Mrs. Warner, was the first to avail him-



SAMUEL PHELPS

self of it at the play-house mentioned. This law enabled all theatres to produce plays which hitherto had been allowed only at the so-called patent houses, viz., five-act poetic and classic dramas. From that time Sadler's Wells became the home of the Shakespearean drama; and with his triumphant revivals the greatest successes of Mr. Phelps as an actor are also to be associated. Not only suburban Clerkenwell and merry Islington, but all London flocked to Sadler's Wells in those days, and for a period of nearly twenty years Phelps retained the management with deserved prosperity. Between 1844 and 1862 he placed no less than thirty-four of Shakespeare's plays before the public—a splendid and unexampled record. In certain parts he himself has hardly been approached even by greater actors. His "Bottom" was a marvellously subtle presentation of a man moving in a dream; his "Sir John Falstaff" received the highest criticism from authorities of the time; and his "Christopher Sly" has also been described as a startling performance. In tragedy, to mention Shakespearean characters alone, his "Lear," "Brutus," and "Hamlet," rank amongst his finest performances. It is not long since he passed from among us, and many of his personal friends still live to regret him.



JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE

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*From Generation to Generation.*

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —  
EARLS AND COUNTESSSES SPENCER.



THE FIRST EARL



WIFE OF THE FIRST EARL



THE SECOND EARL



WIFE OF THE SECOND EARL



THE THIRD EARL



THE FOURTH EARL

*THE LUDGATE*



**THE PRESENT EARL**  
 From a photograph by Elliott and Fry



**WIFE OF THE PRESENT EARL**  
 From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin



# *Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.*

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

## A BEAUTIFUL VAMPIRE.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HERE was a flutter indeed in the little town of Argles, when it became known that Dr. Andrew had made an attempt upon the life of Lady Deverish. Andrew was a youngish, good-looking fellow, junior partner in the firm of Byrne and Andrew, the principal doctors in the place. Everybody liked him. He was as clever as he was kind. He would take equal pains to pull the ninth child of a navvy through a croup seizure as he would have done had it been heir to an earldom. Some people thought this mistaken kindness on the doctor's part—the navvy's ninth could well have been spared, especially as the navvy drank, and in any case was unable to provide properly for eight. Some even went so far as to assert that Andrew was flying in the face of Providence—to say nothing of the rate-payers—when he brought this superfluous ninth triumphantly through its fifth attack of croup. Otherwise he was as popular as a man may be in a world in which flaws and scandal lend a stimulating quality to tea and bread-and-butter, that is denied to blamelessness and good repute.

"The butler says he heard raised voices," it was whispered over dainty cups, "and then Lady Deverish shrieked for help, and he ran in and found the doctor clutching her round the throat."

"And only just in time. Her face was perfectly black!"

"Isn't it awful? Such a kind man as he has always seemed. Is there any madness in the family?"

"It is not certain. They say his mother was peculiar. Wrote books, and did other extraordinary things. Always wore very large hats with black feathers.

Quite out of fashion, Mrs. Byass tells me. She knew her."

"What have they done with him?"

"That's the strangest part of it. She wouldn't charge him: said it was all a mistake. So he just got into his carriage, and continued his rounds."

"Gracious! Strangling everybody?"

"O, I believe not."

"Her throat was bruised black and blue. Old Dr. Byrne went at once and saw to her. He got a new nurse down from London. They say it was a nurse they quarrelled about, you know."

"Well, they won't get anyone to believe that, my dear."

"No, because she was as plain as can be. And Lady Deverish's groom told cook that Dr. Andrew scarcely so much as looked at her."

"And I never heard that he admired Lady Deverish."

"Ah well, most men do."

"I don't see what she wants a nurse at all for. She's the picture of health."

"She says she suffers from nerves."

"If all of us who suffer from 'nerves' were to have trained nurses looking after us, there wouldn't be enough trained nurses to go round."

"No, but all of us are not widows with the incomes of two rich dear departed at our bankers, my dear."

Now, knowing both her charming ladyship and Andrew, I was naturally interested as to why he had put hands about her beautiful throat in anything other than loving kindness. Therefore, I made a point of drinking tea with a number of amiable and gracious persons of my acquaintance during the week following his most notable attempt. All the information I got for my pains has

been condensed into the foregoing gossip, and since it was insufficient for my purposes I set about seeking more. I called early at the Manor. I did not entirely credit rumour's whisper concerning the victim's mangled throat, but I knew Andrew's muscular lean hands, if he had been in earnest, would, to say the least of it, have rendered her retirement for the space of some days prudent, so that I did not expect to see anybody but her companion, Mrs. Lyall.

"Gracious, how ill you look!" I could not help exclaiming, as she entered.

I had known her some months earlier a buxom matron. Now she was a haggard old woman. Her features worked and twisted. She slid into a chair, her hands and members shaking like those of one with palsy. For several minutes she could not speak.

"You must have been sadly troubled," I said.

She was a mild and somewhat flaccid person, one of those plump anæmic women who give one the impression that their veins run milk. But as I spoke her face became contorted. She struggled up and brandished a trembling, clenched hand.

"If he had only done it!" she cried passionately, "if by some mercy of Providence he had only done it!"

She was transformed—distorted. It was as though some mild and milky Alderney had suddenly developed claws. She slid trembling again into her chair.

"My dear Mrs. Lyall," I remonstrated, "if he had only done it, the world would have lost a beautiful and accomplished member of your sex—and poor Andrew's career would have come to a summary and lamentable end."

"No jury would have convicted him," she protested, "*not when they knew*." She dropped her voice and searched the room with apprehensive eyes. Then she whispered, "she is a devil."

Now I was aware that some plain and very good women are in the habit of regarding every comely member of their sex as allied in one or another way with the Father of Evil, but it was clear that some sentiment stronger than general principles was moving Mrs. Lyall.

My interest was roused. But she had come to the end of her remarks. She glanced round timorously.

"For Heaven's sake, Lord Syfret, do not mention a word of this," she stam-

mered. "I am so sadly unnerved. I scarcely know what I say. Poor Lady Deverish has been rather trying." She shut her weak lips obstinately. I assured her of my discretion. I expressed sympathy, left messages, and went my way.

Byrne had nothing to tell. "Andrew will not say a word," he said. "He was over-taxed. Been up several nights. She must have exasperated him somehow. Shouldn't have thought he had it in him. He has always been the kindest of fellows."

"What does she say?"

"Laughs it off, though she don't seem amiable. Looks as if she don't want things to come out."

"You don't mean——?"

"My dear fellow, whatever I mean, I don't say."

It has always been my habit in life to take the bull by the horns whensoever circumstances have rendered this feat at the same time possible and prudent. I determined to attempt it now. Andrew, after all, was a very mild and tractable bull, despite his recent outbreak.

"I will not disguise the object of my visit," I informed him. "You know my weakness. Anything you tell me will go no further. The ball of Argle's scandal will get no push from me. But I like to probe human motive; and you must admit the situation is suggestive."

He smiled—a nervous smile. I had never before seen him so careworn. He shook his head. "She has tied my hands," he said. "If they had let me I would have strangled her."

"I do not wonder you are hard hit," I adventured, watching him. "She is certainly a siren of the first water."

He burst out laughing. "Great Scott!" he said. "Is that what they say? Do they think I am aspiring to the Deverish's hand and acres? No, no; I am not altogether a fool."

At this moment someone ran up the stairs, and, after a preliminary knock upon the door, burst into the room.

"Please, doctor, come quick," a page-boy blurted. "There's Lady Deverish's nurse has fallen down in the road, and they say she's dying."

The same change came over Andrew that had come over Mrs. Lyall. His face became contorted. He held a clenched fist in the air. "Damn her!" he cried, and rushed out.

Now this ejaculation had every appear-

ance of applying to her ladyship's nurse, and would point to an amount of callousness on Andrew's part—considering the moribund condition of that unfortunate young person—of which I am sure he was incapable. I hasten, therefore, to inform the reader that it was intended solely and absolutely for her ladyship's bewitching self. It was as fervid and whole-souled a fulmination as I remember to have heard. It left no doubt in my mind whatsoever as to the fact of her ladyship owing her life to that timely advent of her butler. My interest was not abated. I followed Andrew out. In the next street a knot of curious persons stood assembled.

"Stand back," the doctor called as we went up. "Give her air."

The circle immediately widened, disclosing the figure of a young woman in nursing dress, lying senseless on the pavement. Her upturned face was curiously pinched and worn, though the conformation was young, and her hair fallen loose about her cheek hung in girlish rings.

"She does not look strong enough for nursing," I remarked to Byrne, who came up at the moment.

"Strong enough," he echoed testily. "Why a week ago she was sturdy and robust. The Deverish takes care of that. Can't stand sickness about her." He added half to himself, "Must be something wrong with the house. Drains bad or something. One after another, they've gone off like this." The girl now began to show signs of consciousness. She opened her eyes, and seeing Andrew, smiled faintly. Presently she sat up.

"When you feel equal to it, my dear," Dr. Byrne said, "we will help you to my

carriage, and you can drive straight back."

"Back," she repeated wildly, "where?"

"Why, to the Manor. You must——"

She interrupted him, she caught his hand. "No, no," she gasped, "not there, never there. I cannot stand another hour of it."

"The beautiful Deverish must be something of a vixen," I reflected, seeing the expression in the girl's face.



"CLUTCHING HER ROUND THE THROAT"

Andrew was helping her to her feet. "Don't be afraid," he said quietly, "I will see that you do not go back."

She looked into his face. "What is it?" she whispered, with white lips. "Do you know?"

"Yes, I know," he answered, meeting her look.

I had an inspiration. Among my clientèle I numbered several trained nurses. I called in at the post-office on my way home and wired for one. In less than two hours she was with me. I despatched her to the Manor. "Say

you have been sent from Heaven or Buckingham Palace, or any other probable and impressive source, and keep your eyes and ears open," I enjoined her, with that utter disregard for truth and scrupulousness which I have found the greatest of all aids to me in my researches.

She returned in an hour. There was anger in her eyes. The gauze veil streaming from her bonnet fluttered manelike to the offended toss of her head.

"You did not stay long," I said.

"My lord," she returned, "I did not have the opportunity. Lady Devilish—I believe you called her Devilish—just came into the room and gave a little cry, and turned her back on me as if I'd been an ogre. 'O, you would never suit,' she said, 'I must have someone young'—my lord, I am twenty-six—'and plump'—I weigh ten stone—'and healthy'—I have never had a day's illness. 'Send someone young, and plump, and healthy,' and she marched out."

"I suppose that would not be difficult?" I commented.

"Not at all," she said, resolutely; "a little padding, a touch of rouge, and some minor details are all that are needed."

"You mean to go yourself, then?"

"Yes, I mean to go," she returned. "If there is anything to find out she

may be sorry she wasn't more civil," she added, meditatively.

"Would she not recognise you?" I persisted.

I admire grit. I admired the uncompromising and superior disdain with which she met my question. She turned and left me without condescending a word. In fifteen minutes she came back, or, rather, somebody did whose voice was all I recognised. Her disguise was perfect. Before, she had certainly looked neither youthful (despite her assurance as to twenty-six), nor plump (despite her boasted *avoirdupois*), nor healthy. Now she was plump, and young, and rosy. She had been dark; now a profusion of rich red hair rippled off her brows. I wondered why she did not always go about disguised. She explained.

"In most houses, my lord," she said, "there are sons, and brothers, and husbands. A woman who has her living to get by nursing can only afford to sport cherry cheeks under exceptional circumstances."

When she had gone I dipped my pen in coloured ink and entered her name in my diary. Whether or not she succeeded with Lady "Devilish," she was a capable person. And capable persons are red-letter persons in a world where incompetency rules seven days out of most weeks.

## CHAPTER II.

### NURSE MARIAN'S STORY.

SHE received me with open arms. "You're just what I want," she said effusively. "I loathe sickliness. There was a gaunt, haggard creature here an hour ago. Ugh!" she shuddered, "I would not have employed her for worlds."

I may be prejudiced, but after her first remark I confess to feeling somewhat antipathetic to her ladyship. She has a curious way of staring. I suspect her of being short-sighted and shirking glasses for fear of detracting from her looks. Certainly I have never seen anyone so brilliantly beautiful.

Upstairs I was introduced to her companion, a Mrs. Lyall. She did not strike me as being altogether sane. She has rather a grim smile.

"You'll soon lose those fine cheeks," she said the moment she saw me.

"I trust not," I returned, with some amount of confidence. I had only just

opened a new packet. "Is Lady Devilish rather a trying patient, then?" I asked.

She broke into a laugh. "What did you call her?"

"I understood her name to be Devilish," I said.

"No, it's her nature," she retorted, looking furtively about. "Her name has an 'r' instead of an 'l.'"

Her ladyship was plainly no favourite of Mrs. Lyall's. Indeed, everybody in the house seemed to be in mortal terror of her. The servants would not, if they could help it, enter a room where she was.

From the unhealthy faces of the household I came to the conclusion that the house was thoroughly unsanitary. I determined to investigate the drains. Whatsoever there might be that was unwholesome it did not affect the mistress. Her energy was marvellous. She never tired. When, after a long





"I WILL NEVER LET YOU GO"

day picnicking or a late ball everybody looked as white as paper, she was as fresh and blooming and gay-spirited as possible. It seemed a mere farce for her to employ a nurse. But she had a fad about massage, and insisted on being "massed" morning and night.

"You don't look tired," she remarked, in a puzzled way, at the end of my first night's operations. She was staring curiously at my rouged cheeks. Strangely enough I was feeling actually faint. Strong-nerved as I am, I fairly reeled.

"Whatsoever I look," I answered her, a little irritably, "I certainly feel more tired than I ever remember feeling."

I thought she seemed pleased. Certainly I had said nothing to please her. No doubt she was thinking her own thoughts.

Her engagement to be married again was announced the day after my arrival. She had been already married twice. The young man—the Earl of Arlington—was, with a number of other persons, stopping in the house. He was a handsome, pleasant-looking man. I was told he had thrown over a girl he had cared for and who had cared for him for years in order to propose to Lady Deverish. He did not look capable of it. But, to all appearance, he was head over ears in love. He could not keep his eyes off her. He sat like a man bewitched, and neither ate nor rested.

"Poor young gentleman! He'll go the way of the others," Mrs. Plimmer, the housekeeper, confided to me.

"You don't suspect Lady Deverish of poisoning her husbands?" I returned.

"It isn't my place to suspect my betters, nurse," she said with dignity. "All I say is that there's something terrible mysterious. Why does everybody who comes to the Manor fail in health?"

"Drains," I suggested.

She tossed her ample chin. "Why did her two young husbands, as likely men as might be, sicken from the day she married them, and die consumptive? Was that drains, can you tell me?"

I thought it might have been, but having no evidence, did not commit myself.

Mrs. Plimmer tossed her ample chin again, this time triumphantly. "And why," she proceeded, "did Dr. Andrew, as kind a gentleman as walks, try to strangle her?"

I braved her scorn and ventured "jealousy."

She eyed me witheringly. "The doctor's no lady's man," she said, "and, besides, if he was, it's no reason for strangling them."

I was unable to find any fault with the drains. I began to grow interested. I myself felt strangely out of sorts—a new experience for me.

Lord Arlington's infatuation amounted to possession. He sat staring at her in a kind of ecstasy of fascination. He was pale and moody and obviously unhappy. I was told he had lost health and spirits markedly since his engagement. Probably his conscience troubled him about the other woman. At breakfast one morning he unwrapped a little packet that had come by post for him, without, it is to be supposed, observing the handwriting. As he undid it mechanically there dropped from the wrappings a ring, a knot of ribbon and a bundle of letters. He seemed like one stunned. Without a word he gathered them together and left the room. I met him later pacing the garden like a madman.

Poor man! His love-affair was short-lived.

A week later I was involuntary witness to a curious scene. I was sitting late one evening in the garden. Lady Deverish would not need me until bedtime, when her massage was due. Suddenly he and she, talking excitedly, came round the shrubbery.

"I have been mad," he exclaimed, in a hoarse, passionate voice. "For God's sake let me go free. They say her heart is broken."

She put her two hands on his shoulders, and lifted her face to his.

"I will never let you go," she said, with a curious ring as of metal in her voice. She wound her arms about his neck and kissed his throat. "And you love me too much," she added.

"Heaven only knows if it is love," he answered, "it seems to me like madness. I had loved her faithfully for years."

"And now you love me, and there is no way out of it," she whispered. She leaned up again and kissed him. Then with a little cooing laugh she left him.

He remained looking after her. "Yes, there is one way out of it," I heard him say slowly.

That night he shot himself.

Now, although I had known her but a fortnight, I had known her long enough to believe her superior to the weakness of being very deeply in love. Yet the night he died I was inclined to alter my opinion. He had bidden her a hasty good-bye, saying he was summoned to town. He took the last train up.

During the night I was called to her. I found her sitting up in bed, her face ashen pale, her eyes distended, her hands clasped to her head. She was gasping hysterically for breath. She seemed like one stricken: her features were picked out by deep, grey lines. She did not speak, but pointed with an insistent finger to her right temple. I put my hand upon it. Then I called quickly for a light; for my fingers slipped along that which seemed to be a moist and clammy aperture, moist with a horrible, unmistakable clamminess. But when the light was brought there was neither blood nor aperture, only a curious, blanched, irregular spot, that was chill to the touch.

I gave her brandy, and put hot bottles in her bed. She was shaking like one with ague. She clutched my hands, holding them against that ice-spot in her temple till I was sick and faint with the constrained position. Soon she seemed better. Some colour returned to her.

"My God, he is dead!" she said, through chattering teeth. Then she crouched down in the bed in a shuddering heap.

Next morning the news came. In that same hour he had put a bullet through his right temple. She was ill all that day, nerveless, and almost pulse-

less. She looked ten years older. I never saw so singular a change in anybody. I sent for Dr. Byrne, who attributed it to the shock of bad news. Why it developed some hours before the news arrived he did not explain. He only said: "Tut, tut, nurse, life is full of coincidences," and prescribed ammonia.

Next day she was better, and suggested getting up, but changed her mind



"GIVE ME SOME OF IT"

after having seen a mirror. "Gracious!" she said, with a shudder, "I look like an old woman." She broke into feeble weeping. "He ought to have thought of me," she cried, angrily.

She demanded wine and meat-juices, taking them with a curious solicitude, and carefully looking into her mirror for their effect. But she saw little there to comfort her.

"Do you think it might be my death-

blow?" she questioned me once through quivering lips. I shook my head. "Ah, you don't know all," she muttered.

In the afternoon she asked in a strange voice that the gardener's child should be brought to her. He was a chubby, rosy little fellow, whom everybody petted. "I must have something to liven me," she said. I had never supposed her fond of children. But she held her arms hungrily for him, and strained him to her breast. Her spirits rose. Her eyes brightened: she got colour. Soon she was laughing and chatting in her accustomed manner. The child had fallen asleep, but she would not part with him. When at last she let him go, I was horrified to find him cold and pallid. He was breathing heavily, and quite unconscious. I concluded the poor little chap was sickening for something. Later, I was surprised to receive a note from Dr. Andrew, whom I did not know. I dismissed him as I had done Mrs. Lyall, and probably Mrs. Plimmer, as not altogether sane. "I have been called in to attend Willy Daniels," the note ran. "For Heaven's sake do not let her get hold of any more children."

Next day she was better. She seemed to have forgotten Arlington and talked only of her health. She asked again for the boy. I told her he was ill. She broke into a curious laugh that seemed uncalled for. "Thank goodness, I haven't lost my power," she said a minute later. But she did not explain the saying.

She was in high spirits all the morning, talking and singing and trying on new laces and bonnets. She still complained of pain in the right temple. After her massage she turned peevish, protesting that it did her no good. "If you hadn't such a colour I should not believe you healthy," she said, crossly.

She had the parson's children in to tea. It would amuse her, she said, to see them eat their strawberries. They seemed afraid of her, and stood eyeing her from a distance. When she attempted to take the little one, it clung to me and shrieked with terror. But she persisted, and it soon fell asleep in her arms. When presently I took it from her, I found it chilled and breathing stertorously and quite unconscious. I thought of Dr. Andrew's injunction. Heavens! what had she done? Was she a secret poisoner? I dismissed the notion forth-

with. I had not left the room a moment during the time the child was with her, nor had it taken anything to eat or to drink.

"What is the matter with it?" I demanded.

Her eye avoided mine. She answered nonchalantly: "What does one expect? Children are everlastingly teething or over-feeding or having measles."

Next morning I was called up at day-break. Dr. Andrew was waiting to see me. I threw on my things and went down. He was stalking up and down the drawing-room. He stared at me.

"You seem to have resisted her," he muttered, looking at my cheeks. I have a long memory, and had not forgotten my rouge. He told me a wild and incredible story. He wound up by handing me a small bottle.

"Give her that dose so soon as she wakes," he said. The man was probably a better doctor than he was an actor. His manner paraded the nature of the dose. I took out the cork and smelt it. It was as I suspected. I walked across the room and emptied its contents out of the window. "Pardon me," I said, "but you are exceeding your duty."

"Is she to be allowed to go on murdering people?" he protested. "Do you know I have been up all night with that unfortunate baby? Do you know that Willy Daniels is not yet out of danger. Good Heavens! if I am willing to take the consequences how can anyone who knows the circumstances hesitate?"

"I have a safer and more justifiable plan," I said. "If what you say is true, the remedy is simple and poison is uncalled for. After all, Dr. Andrew, your story would sound lame enough in a law-court. By my plan you run no risks."

I laid it before him. He seemed interested. But he would not, after the manner of men in their dealings with women, permit me to take too much credit to myself.

"It might work," he said lukewarmly, "and as you say it would certainly be safer."

I went to my room and opened a further packet of rouge. I applied it lavishly. I began to see that the health tint on my cheeks had an important bearing on the situation. I put vermillion on my lips. Then I carried my patient her breakfast.

She seemed restored and lay in her

rose-pink bed, a smiling Venus. She fairly glowed with beautiful health. I thought of that poor little sick-bed. "Goodness!" I said with a start, "how ill you look!" She ceased from smiling.

I went and stood beside her. "Compare yourself with me."

She was pale enough indeed by the time she had done so. "Am I losing my power after all?" she muttered.



"FELL HEADLONG ACROSS HER BED"

She leapt across the floor, her draperies clinging round her pink flushed toes. She fled to the glass and drew the curtain aside. She turned on me peevishly. "Why did you tell me?" she protested. "I should have thought I looked well."

"Heavens! Shall I grow old like other people?"

Suddenly she flung herself upon me. She pressed her lips and cheeks against my throat and face.

"Give *me* some of it," she cried, ravenously. "You have so much vitality."



Let me drain some of that rich health and colour."

I nearly fell. It seemed as if she were actually sucking out my life. I reeled and sickened. Then with a tremendous effort I pushed her away and stumbled from the room. Was Andrew's story indeed true? Was she a monster or merely a monomaniac?

Years ago he had said she was dying of consumption. So far as physical signs could be trusted she had not a week to live. Suddenly she began to recover. She made flesh rapidly, gained health, and came back to life from the very jaws of death. Meanwhile, her sister, a sturdy school-girl, whom she insisted on having always with her, sickened and died.

Then a brother died, then her mother. By this time she had grown quite strong. Since then she had lived on the vital forces of those surrounding her. "The law of life," he said, "makes creatures interdependent. Physical vitality is subject to physical laws of diffusion and equalisation. One person below par absorbs the nerve and life sources of healthier persons with them. Many old, debilitated subjects live on the animal forces of the cat they keep persistently in their chair, and die when it dies. Wives and husbands, sisters and brothers, friends and acquaintances: there is a constant interchange of vital force.

Lady Deverish has to my knowledge been the actual cause of death of a dozen persons. Besides these she has drained the health of everybody associated with her. And in her case—a rare and extreme one—the faculty is conscious and voluntary. She was living on Arlington. The man was powerless. She paralysed his will, his mind, his energies. She robbed him of strength to resist her. The sequel is interesting, psychologically. She being for the time charged with his vitality, his sudden death, by some curious sympathy, affected her in the way you have described. She was all at once and violently bereft of the source whence she was drawing energy. But she will soon, if she be allowed, find some other to prey on. For some years I have studied her closely. She is the arch-type of a class of persons I have had under observation. I find such power depends largely on force of will and concentration. If she can maintain these there is no reason why she should not live to a hundred. There will always be persons of less assertive selfishness to serve as reservoirs of vital strength to her. At present her confidence is shaken, her power—therefore her life trembles in the balance. In the interests of humanity and justice she must not be allowed to regain her confidence. She lives by wholesale murder."

### CHAPTER III.

I DRANK a glass of port and went back to my patient. She lay panting on her bed.

"Fie!" I said; "that was a bit of hysteria. Come, now, take your breakfast."

She looked me in the face. A terror of death stood in beads on her skin. "I have heard of transfusion," she said faintly; "if you will let me have some of the rich red blood run out of your veins into mine I will settle £500 a year on you."

I shook my head.

"A thousand," she said. "Fifteen hundred."

"I should be cheating you," I said, "even were I willing. The operation has never been really successful."

She broke into raving and tears.

"I cannot die," she said; "I love life.

I love being beautiful and rich; I love admiration. I must have admiration! I love my beautiful, beautiful body and the joy of life! I cannot, cannot die!"

"What nonsense," I said. "You are not going to die."

"If I could only get it," she raved, "I would drink blood out of living bodies rather than I would die."

An hour later she summoned the housekeeper. She had been cogitating deeply with a fold between her brows; her sharp teeth set like pearls in the red of her lower lip.

"Plimmer," she said, "give all the servants a month's wages and an hour's notice to quit. I cannot endure their sickly faces. Get in a staff of decent healthy people. These cadaverous wretches are killing me."

Plimmer left the room without a word.

At the door she cast one look toward me and threw her hands up, as one who says: "The Lord have mercy on us!"

I followed, and bade her stay her hand. Whether Andrew's theories were true, or whether my lady were but a person with a mania, there was no doubt but that her convictions played an important part in her case.

I threw on my things and expended a half-sovereign at the chemist's. I came back the possessor of sundry packets. These I distributed among the household with explicit directions. Her ladyship was not well; her whim must be humoured.

It is surprising what a little rouge will do. In a few minutes the servants' hall was a scene Arcadian. Even the elderly butler reverted to blooming youth. Then I said to her cheerfully:

"You are making a mistake about the servants. For my part I am struck with their healthy looks."

"Since I have been ill?" she faltered.

She lay quiet, breathing hard through her dilated nostrils. "Send some of them in," she said presently.

By the time they had gone she was as white as paper. "Good Heavens!" I heard her mutter, "I have lost my power. I am a dead woman."

Then she flung out her arms and wept. "Get me healthy children," she cried; "I must have health about me."

Dr. Byrne, who was attending her, assented in all innocence. "Why, of course," he said; "it will be cheerful for you. Get in some cherry-cheeked children to amuse her ladyship, nurse."

I nodded—in token that I was not deaf, and not at all in acquiescence. Food and wine I supplied abundantly, but neither children nor adults. I isolated her *in toto*. I allowed her maids only to come near her long enough to dust and arrange her room. I have seen her fix them with a basilisk stare, straining her will. She had undoubtedly some baleful hypnotic power that set them trembling and stumbling about in curious, aimless fashion. They would seem drawn as by some spell, to stand motionless and dazed beside her bed. Then I would turn them face about, and parading their roseate tints, scold them for idleness and dismiss them. She would stare after them in a despair that, under other circumstances, would have been pitiful. The sense that her power was gone

robbed her actually of power. She raved and cursed her self-murdered lover for involving her in his death.

Whether Dr. Andrew and I were justified in that we did I sometimes wonder now. Then I had no room for doubt. In face of the horrible facts it did not occur to me to question it. If that she believed were true, we were assuredly justified; if not, that we did could not affect results.

Andrew's theory of those results is that she had lived so long on human energy that food in the crude state stood her in little stead. Certainly, though she was fed unremittingly on the choicest and most nourishing of diets, she was an aged and haggard woman in a week. Nobody would have recognised her. She shrivelled and shrank like one cholera-stricken. One day her dog stole into the room. She put out her hand and clutched it voraciously. I took it an hour later from her. It was dead and stiff.

How I myself, and a nurse I had called in to help me, kept life in us I cannot say. I had been an abstainer. Now I drank wine like water. All round her bed was an atmosphere as of a vault, though outside it was sunny June.

She raged like one possessed. "You are murdering, murdering me," she cried unceasingly.

Dr. Byrne thought her mind wandering. I knew it centred with a monstrous, selfish sanity. He sent for one of the first London consultants. After a lengthy investigation the great man pronounced her suffering from some obscure nervous disease. "Nothing to be done," he said. "I give her three days: most interesting case. Hope you will succeed in getting a *post-mortem*."

Once she fixed me with her baleful eyes, how baleful was seen now that their fine lustre and the bloom that had been beneath them were gone.

"I have had ten years more of life and pleasure than my due," she chuckled in her shrivelled throat—the throat now of an old, old woman.

Then she broke into dry-eyed crying. "I thought I could have lived another ten." She begged once for a mirror. I thank Heaven that with all my heat of indignation against her, I was not guilty of that cruelty.

Dr. Andrew called daily for my bulletin. Everything that science afforded in

the way of concentrated and digestible food and stimulant, he religiously got down from London.

"We must give her every chance," he said, "every justifiable chance, that is."

After a few days I was again single-handed. My nurse-colleague succumbed. I felt my powers failing. I could scarcely drag about. I prayed Heaven for strength to last so long as she should. Even in the moment of dissolution, such was her frenzied greed of life, I believed should some non-resistant person take my place, she would struggle back to health.

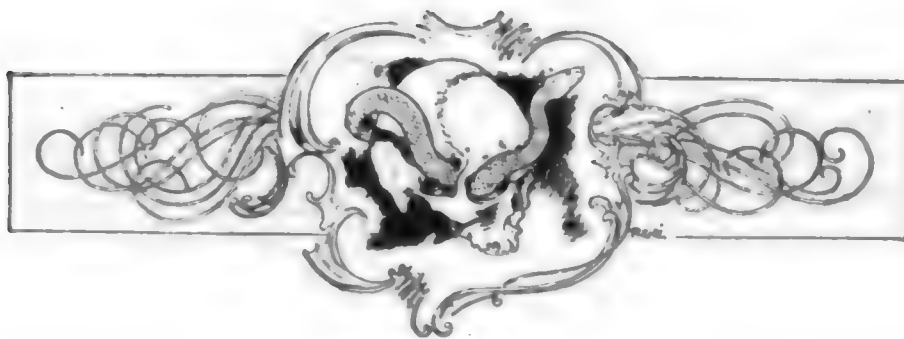
Once when I arranged her pillows, she seized my hand, and before I could withdraw it she had carried it to her teeth and bitten into it. I felt her suck the blood voraciously. She cried out and struck at me as I wrenched it away.

She died in the third week of her isolation. I saw the death change come into her shrivelled face. Then in the moment that life left her she made one supremest effort.

It seemed as though my heart stopped. My head sank on my chest, my hands dropped at my side. Then I swayed

and fell headlong across her bed. They found me later lying on her corpse. I am convinced that had she been a moment earlier, had she nerved her powers the instant before, rather than on the instant life was leaving her, she would be alive to this day, and I—— Well, as it was I did not leave my bed for a month."

"If I were to write that story in the *Lancet*," Dr. Andrew said, "I should be the laughing-stock of the profession. Yet it is the very key-note of human health and human disease, this interchange of vital force that goes on continually between individuals. Such rapacity and greed as the Deverish's is fortunately rare, but there are a score of such vampires in this very town, vampires in lesser degree. When A. talks with me ten minutes I feel ten years older. It takes me an hour to bring my nerve-power up to par again. People call him a bore. In reality he is a rapacious egotist hungrily absorbing the force of anyone with whom he comes into relation—in other words a human vampire."





AUBERGE ON THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

## *The Field of the Cloth of Gold.*

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS WATT.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. W. HENLEY FROM SKETCHES BY L. W. WEBSTER.

“**I**N the vale of Ardren, 'twixt Guines and Arde,” was the theatre of Henry VIII.'s and Francis I.'s memorable meeting, known to all later time as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Guines is some six miles from Calais, whence you go by tramway. Once out of the town you find the drive well enough in the golden afternoon, and quite charming in the late evening. A canal is on the left, and villas, and finally fields, on the right. There are long rows of poplars by the way. The wide stretches of dark, cool, still water, have a curiously restful effect that sinks into the spirit as dew on the mown grass. There is little traffic: rarely you pass a barge, which a figure bent double on the dusty road is dragging along at a snail's pace. Near Guines the canal ends. Here an extra horse joining your team, you clatter at a considerable pace

up a narrow, winding, rough-paved street into the market place, to the admiration of all beholders. A veritable Sleepy Hollow is this same little town. It is quaint enough, too, with its narrow ways and passages. From certain points you get glimpses of an old tower hidden away in a maze of stone. You go through a long neglected passage, you climb steps in a curious mound, and there it is. But what? Clock tower, or watch tower, or bit of old castle? I cannot tell. At all events, it is your coign of vantage, the one spot wherefrom to survey all Guines! You may note through upper windows details of domestic economy. You can see in odd corners crumbling old houses, and, again, less battered buildings set in delightful gardens (how charming an old town garden always is!) which high walls jealously guard from the street

view. In the near distance are several chateaux, half smothered — when the hawthorn blooms — in red and white May. Long rows of poplars and not infrequent ponds remind you of the marshes that lay all round. I can but guess at the history of the mound or the tower. In the tenth century, Sifrid the Dane fixing his abode here, built La Tour de la Cuve—the tub tower, so to speak—and then Baldwin, one of the Counts of Guines, at the end of the 12th century, raised a round house of square stones on the mound of Guines—possibly this tower or its predecessor. Again, in 1352, the English took the place and held it for a trifle over two centuries. In fact, it was the last French soil they had, for whereas Calais fell on January 8, 1558, before the Duke of Guise, it was not until the 21st that he took Guines. The memory of this occupation impressed the popular fancy which inclines thereby to explain everything: the tower, they say, was touched up or rebuilt by English hands. Now if there be other antiquities in Guines I know not, for I was but a passer-by.

Guines has two hotels, the Lion d'Or and the Ville de Calais. Both are well spoken of, as guide-books say, but

*There are a hundred such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder.*

I should not refer to them were it not that in the kitchen of the Ville de Calais there flourishes an obscure if not quite unappreciated genius. She is not obtrusive, and prefers to be known by her works. She sinks the woman in the artist, for artist she is in all that delighteth the palate. The famous chefs of the Café Anglais, of the New York Delmonico's, of the great London houses, might find in her a rival, nay a conqueror. I know not why some Vanderbilt or Rothschild has not lured her forth with gold, or abducted her by main force. I have gone again and again to this little hotel for her sake alone. She never gives you anything bad, and at some time or other in each meal she sends up a dish showing to what fine issues the commonest foods may be touched under master hands. Once the day's triumph was a quail, again it was *petits pois*, to which had been added some touch of garlic, dim, remote, refined, even as the echo of the pipes over miles of hill and heath and water; and yet,

again, so base a thing as pig's trotters had been transmuted by her alchemy into something rich and rare, in so miraculous a fashion was the meat stuffed and seasoned. It is only in provincial France that the old traditions of Gallic cookery linger. The English mania has affected Paris. The wealthy get them to their clubs and eat in seclusion. The American ruined the best restaurants. Lavish but intermittent, he squandered with reckless profusion. His favourites rashly doubled or quadrupled their prices, and their houses stood empty through great part of the year. Then the crash came: most of the world-famed restaurants, Bignon, the Café Riche, and so forth, vanished, whilst the one or two that remained did so under altered conditions. The mass of the diners out of the capital content themselves with places whose efforts are to real *plats* what pavement pictures are to National Gallery masterpieces. But Guines and such haunts are not on the tourists' highway. France still exists for the French, and in one or two rare corners you may yet procure an artistic meal at a cost less than that of the London chop or steak.

To resume. Ardres is some four or five miles from Guines, and to reach it you pass over the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The place was happily chosen. It is a plain dotted with little heights and hollows. It is set about and surrounded with a natural fence of hills. Part is covered with huge woods—the forest of Guines, the forest of Licques, and so forth—but the centre is carefully cultivated, indeed it looks like one huge field (you remember that in France they do not divide the land by hedge or wall). The road, bordered with trees, runs straight as an arrow over it, and from any of its little heights you see the spires of many neighbouring hamlets (that of Ardres on the left) and the long white dusty roads climbing the hill sides. There is a little *cabaret*, "The Sign of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," near the exact spot where the famous meeting came off in June, 1520. Wolsey had the ordering, and did—as he did everything—magnificently. In fact, the nobility of both countries were near ruined, but the spectacular effect was superb. Henry's temporary palace at Guines was a huge square building so full of windows that a "Windsor of glass"



seemed its appropriate name. Then there was a chapel connected with the keep at Guines by a gallery, all furnished with incredible richness. The pavilion of the French King, at Andres, was not less splendid. The space between was largely occupied with the tents of the nobles. The whole field blazed with gold and silk, diamonds were as plentiful as blackberries, the richness of the dresses "beggared all description," the very horses were caparisoned with crimson and scarlet. The lists were surrounded by galleries hung with finely wrought tapestry, whence princes and lords watched the tournament. Enormous provision was made for such a multitude. The exchequer accounts bear witness to the tuns of French and Gascon wine, the butts of sweet wine, the pipes of Ipocras, and the huge droves of cattle for the kitchen. Here and there were fountains of claret and Ipocras which were "fed by secret conduits hid beneath the earth," and whoever willed might drink therefrom with silver cups according to his pleasure. The general gender took full advantage of the privilege. There were "vagaboundes, placemen, labourers, waggoners and beggars, that for drunkenness lay in routs and heaps," yet means of communication were slow, and the crowd that such things would collect to-day were absent. It was a summary age, and the provost-marshal with his halberd was there to inspire wholesome terror into the souls of too troublesome rascals. The days sped swiftly away in feasting and visits and presents and tournaments, and some futile diplomacy. Finally, there was a display of fireworks, whereof the most remarkable was a "great artificial salamander," which flew over in the sky from Andres, to the pleasing terror of all beholders. To us, who are in Time's confidence, the list of guests is interesting. A dark shadow stands so often behind each chair! There was the Chevalier Bayard, Wolsey himself, Queen Catherine of England, and, the brightest of the party, Anne Boleyn. It is all gone centuries ago; but in the bright sunshine you will believe the magnificence not quite departed. There is still

*The pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,*

renewed season after season, a perpetual cloth of gold!

Andres is set on a steep hill or mound. In the old days of incessant warfare where each dwelling must be fortified, these mound sites were a necessity. The legend runs that this one is artificial, and that a tame bear worked very hard at the raising. Another legend derives the name of the town from Ardea, a heron. Certain merchants travelling that way



OLD TOWER AT GUINES

from Italy and seeing the bird flying towards the marsh so called it. To-day it is a very quiet little place, about half the size of Guines, and even more picturesque, with no touch of the modern, and a considerable wealth of old houses and odd fragments, broken remnants of antiquity, whose history it were now impossible to recover. There is a large market place on the slope, or it seems large because it is so empty. Grass

grows between the rough stones, and the shops, which are wonderfully pretentious, seem sought of no customer. There is a fine church in the lower part of the market-place; it is full of monuments of one sort or another. In short, Ardres is a little remote, and yet easily attained place, where the dreamer of dreams might well pitch his tent. Going some way out of the town you note how abruptly it stops. One side is an almost

sadly mixed among these stories of obscure feuds and petty wars, wherein Ardres was sometimes under subjection to Guines, and sometimes both places fell under more powerful neighbours, but he was a gossiping person this same old monk, and many of his stories are highly amusing. Thus he tells of a Lady Adela of Ardres, who flourished about the year 1000 A.D. She married Herred of Flanders, surnamed Crangroc, or Turn-



CHURCH AT ARDRES

straight line. This is because it was a fortified place. It had charming mediæval walls and towers, until 1847, when certain malicious busybodies procured their destruction. Heaven knows why! The town has rather withered than progressed since.

A mediæval chronicle of the place, written by an ancient monk, Lambert of Ardres, is extant. It tells of the Counts of Guines and Lords of Ardres, a bewildering succession of Baldwins and Arnolds. The modern reader would get

shirt, some opined because his father summoning him one morning early to the hunt, he attired himself in such haste that he put on his shirt the wrong way! Others averred because at festivals he turned the old shirt instead of putting on a new one to save a laundry bill! There are many legends of Arnold, who married Gertrude, sister of Baldwin, Lord of Alost, in Flanders. At his wedding feast, in Ardres, his jester wagered him that for a horse he would drink a cask of wine at a draught. He did so, and

staggered in triumphant, with the bung between his teeth, and for reward was sat (in the true spirit of the cruel mediæval jest) upon the "Equuleus," or wooden horse of torment! This same Arnold brought a bear, from England—not the same bear, Lambert thinks it necessary to explain, that assisted in the building of the town. The poor animal was baited with dogs to the inordinate delight of the people. Next feast day they flocked from far and near again to witness so diverting a spectacle, but there was no bear. They were informed that the animal had had nothing to eat and was not fit to fight. They extravagantly promised their lord one loaf from every baking in every oven in Ardres as provision for Bruin. They had their wish: the bear soon appeared in good condition

and was baited long and thoroughly, too thoroughly it seems, since presently he died, but the tax of bread was still exacted! In 1096 this same Arnold went to the first Crusade, fought hard at the siege of Antioch and returned to enrich the church of Ardres with a curious relic, no less than a hair of the Saviour's beard! So that one is not surprised to learn he died in the odour of sanctity.

You return to Guines in the twilight. Does your fancy fill the silent and deserted plain with phantoms of king and queen, knight and lady, priest and soldier, nay with shout and din of a great multitude? It is but the shape of tree or mound looming through the darkness, and the sigh of the night wind in the leaves or the corn.

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## CHILD'S SONG.

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### I.

FOUR and twenty blackbirds  
Dancing on the floor:  
Only four and twenty,  
Aren't there any more?

### II.

Five and twenty blackbirds  
Dancing very fast:  
Here's another coming,  
Who will be the last?

### III.

Six and twenty blackbirds  
Nearly die from fright:  
For here's the last one coming, but—  
His feathers all are white!

M. PERUGINI.

# The Last Chapter.

WRITTEN BY W. PETT RIDGE. ILLUSTRATED BY M. STROUD.



**T**HIS is the last chapter of a long story which, if it were told in full, would make a three-volume novel. Some day, when real merit is frankly recognised, the people who do not write three-volume novels will be adorned with laurel wreaths and fêted by an appreciative public and offered huge pensions; whilst those who do write three-volume novels will be dealt with summarily by Sir John Bridge, at Bow Street, under special arrangement; the number being too large to permit conveniently of committal to the Sessions.

•   •   •   •

General Farnboro stepped down the steps of the United Service and rested for a moment on his stick.

"There's such a devil of a lot of traffic in these days," grumbled General Farnboro to himself, "that upon my word one's life is scarcely worth calling one's own. The Crimea was a perfect sanctuary compared with a London crossing. Look out there, sir!"

The General shouted at a white perspiring faced youth on a bicycle, who was racing down Regent Street through Waterloo Place, with his back flat and his head well down, so that he might not be disturbed by the sight of the cabs.

"There!" General Farnboro addressed triumphantly A242, who had run up. "I was sure the idiot would run over somebody. Pick the young lady up and bring her here. I'll get something from the club for her."

"I—I am not really hurt, General. Only I think I am a little frightened."

The General gasped.

"You know the young lady, sir?" asked A242 respectfully.

"Knew her? Of course I know my son's wife, sir. What a ridiculous"—

"Beg pardon, sir. I didn't know."

"The things you London policemen don't know," said General Farnboro, giving the constable with much severity half-a-crown, "would educate a nation. Mrs. Farnboro, can I see you into a cab?"

"I would rather go by 'bus, General. I never use a cab now."

"And why not, pray?"

Explosively, as if scenting in this preference for 'buses an affront to the institutions of the Empire.

"Only because of the expense. I want to save money for a—a special purpose. And, General, may I ask you something? Have you written to Charles?"

The General's face became set.

"I have *not* written to Charles, and I do not propose to write to Charles. The melodramatic scene between us just before he went out to South Africa six months ago is still fresh in my mind; I have carefully abstained from going to a theatre since in order that the impression may not be confused."

Young Mrs. Farnboro stopped and leaned against a column for a moment. Her face went very white, and the General, affrighted, very gently conducted her to a restaurant. It was the restaurant where Charles had taken her to dinner on the night of their quiet marriage, and the recollection, coupled with the General's kindness, restored her.

"Bring some tea at once," said the General, loudly. "Don't stand there, man, looking at us; tea, sharp." He turned to Ella, "Perhaps you don't mind if I take a little brandy? My heart is not quite what it was, and to-day it is more than usually—er—tiresome."

"I'm so sorry," she said, gently. "And I'm giving you all this trouble."

"Not at all, dear, not at all. In fact, I don't regret having met you. I made up my mind, you know, that I wouldn't call on you and I haven't."

"I'm afraid," said young Mrs. Farnboro, sipping gratefully her tea, "that

when General Farnboro says that he won't do a certain thing he never does."

"My dear!" The General was quite gratified at this testimonial. "That's my character to a T! You couldn't possibly have summed it up more neatly if you had known me all my life. It's a common remark at the Club, I assure you. Only the other day I heard my dear old friend, Major Dewry, who was out at Kurrachee with me and who is a good fellow still, but very ve—ry feeble—I heard Major Dewry say to another fellow, 'Farnboro is adamant!' Those were his very words! 'Farnboro is adamant!'"

"I heard from Charles yesterday," she said, quietly. "He is getting on so well. And the chief of the company has written him a letter in which he says that Charles behaved at a mutiny of the Kaffirs with intrepidity and acumen that—this is the letter."

She took it from her bodice and laid it before the General. He had no alternative but to fix his pince-nez and read it.

"Satisfactory," he said with reluctance, "satisfactory. So far, that is to say, as it goes. I daresay ten or twelve years out there will do him no harm."

"Ten or twelve years, General!" cried Ella, amazedly. "But that is a lifetime."

"Don't talk nonsense. I'm seventy-five, and I haven't finished my lifetime yet. I should reckon that I am good for at least another ten years; perhaps twelve."

"I hope so," said poor young Mrs. Farnboro. "But I can't bear to think—it is impossible to bear to think of being parted from Charles for so long."

"You'll get used to it," said the General brusquely. "There's very little difference between the word impossible and the word possible. I've often told people that. Only two letters after all."

"That may sound conclusive," said Ella Farnboro, with some spirit, "but it isn't."

The General could scarce believe that he had heard aright. To be told that his reasoning was wrong was something that had not happened for a good many years.

"You will, perhaps, allow me to say,

Mrs. Farnboro, that a man of the world as I am—a mature man of the world I suppose I must call myself—has a better knowledge of affairs than——"

"Of some affairs, General."

"This is one of them. Now let's see exactly how matters stand. Where are you living now? In the same house that Charles and you took when you were so foolish as to marry him?"

"I will not allow you to say that it was a foolish act, General. I have no cause whatever to regret it."

"You will have."

"Is that a threat?" asked Ella Farnboro.



"THERE'S SUCH A LOT OF TRAFFIC"

"Oh no, my dear. That was only a prophecy! Please don't misunderstand me."

"I find it very difficult to understand you. I can quite see now how easy it was for dear Charles to quarrel with you."

"Be calm, madam, please," commanded General Farnboro. "Tell me how large this house of yours is."

Ella Farnboro gave the required particulars to her fiery relative, and he noted them down carefully on the back of an envelope. Here was a case, felt the General, where a cool head could be of an invaluable service.

"And," concluded Ella Farnboro, "there is a room that has been used by the people before us as a nursery."



"Now why do you live in a house by yourself?" demanded the General.

"My sister lives with me."

"You would be so much better off in a boarding house, you know. More company, more society——"

"I don't think I want either, General. I work pretty hard and I can save money, and that is enough."

"And why in the world do you want to save money?" cried the General

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed General Farnboro, "I never—er dreamt of that. Of course. Quite natural. Good gracious me!" The General fanned himself with a *Gil Blas* that was lying on the table. "My dear young lady, I can't apologise sufficiently."

"You can do so," she said pleasantly, but still looking at the cup, "by not apologising at all."

The General rose and offered his arm.



"BRING SOME TEA AT ONCE"

"Why not spend it on yourself and make yourself comfortable? Tell me that. Give me a plain answer now. And why on earth do you want a house with a nursery? Eh?"

She looked at the cup as she answered. Ella Farnboro spoke so low that the fiery old gentleman had to put his hand to his ear in order to listen.

"Because soon, I think, General, there will be some one to occupy——"

He stared round the restaurant with a dazed expression.

It was perfectly delightful to see how careful he was of the young lady—how he waved people off who were in the way; how at the doorway he insisted upon Ella waiting whilst he hailed a cab.

"Let me, my dear, just for once," the old fellow pleaded, "have my own way. And I shall call up at your place and inquire how you are. Now, step in very carefully—*that's* right!" He tucked in the hem of her skirt with a pleasant, protective air. "And be sure to take

the greatest care of yourself. Let me know what I can do, and I'll do it. No, no!—you mustn't thank me. I shall do it all out of sheer selfishness. And look here, you rascal!"

The last words were addressed to the cabman.

"Sir to you," said the cabman respectfully.

"It's an eighteenpenny fare, and here is half-a-crown."

"You're a genelman, sir," said the cabman.

"And if you don't take the very greatest care in driving and helping your fare out, by Heavens, sir, I'll break every bone in your body!"

"It's a bargain," agreed the cabman.

General Farnboro lifted his white hat, and stood with his white head bared as the hansom drove off. A grateful smile from his son's young wife repaid him with excellent interest for his attention.

"Now I must get down to my chambers," said the General to himself gruffly, "and think over this affair calmly."

In the easy basket-chair, in his Bury Street rooms, the General sat upright and considered. The thoughts of the old are long, long thoughts, and he sat thus for nearly an hour. Then there was a quiet tap at the door, and General Farnboro looked round sharply as Weston entered. To be discovered by Weston with tears in his eyes would have been deplorable.

"Haven't caught cold sir, have you?"

"Yes," said the General explosively, "of course I have caught cold. It's your confounded habit of leaving every window, and every door, and every—Good Heavens, what should I have but a cold!"

"Sorry, sir," said Weston.

"Bring me some paper and ink at once. I want to write a note."

The precise Weston obeyed. He placed writing materials at the side of the General and withdrew. The General fumbled for his eye-glasses and fixed them, and examined the pen, which he selected with considerable severity. He pressed his hand against his left side.

"My Dear Boy,

*"I am getting an old man, and I want you near me. I have seen your good young wife to-day, and I behaved at first like a perfect brute to her. If the little one is a boy, I should like him to be called Charles. The eldest boy of the Farnboros has always been a Charles."*

*"Your hard work in South Africa is making a man of you, I hear. Come back as soon as you can to your young wife and to me. I want to press your hand once more and—"*

The pen slips gently from the fingers which have been guiding it; the stiff precise handwriting ceases.

General Farnboro leans back in his chair and for the last time in this world goes to sleep. And on the credit side of his account the Recording Angel enters gladly this unfinished letter.



# *The American Presidential Campaign.*

WRITTEN BY ROBERT DONALD. ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS.

**T**HERE are more candidates this year for the coveted position of American President than usual.

They are: Major William McKinley, of Ohio, the Republican candidate; Mr. William J. Bryan, the Democratic, populist, silver candidate; Senator John M. Palmer, the Democratic, anti-populist, gold candidate; and the

dential candidates has a double so distinctly different from the original that the one would not recognise the other, and it is almost impossible for the perplexed student of American politics to discover which is the real, and which the spurious personality. There is, for instance, Mr. McKinley as he is known to his political friends and as he is pictured



MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Prohibitionists and Socialists have each a nominee. The chief interest centres round the popular figure of Major McKinley and the picturesque personality of Mr. Bryan. Each of the Presi-

by his enemies. In one case he is a man of transcendent ability, of unblemished character, unsullied reputation—a brilliant statesman, a model citizen. Then there is the McKinley of the other side,

who is a mere instrument of trust-mongers, an automaton who dances while the "boodlers" and monopolists pull the strings—a man who is devoid of political virtue, a monument of incon-

of their friends, and hope that the best which is said of them is really in truth the worst.

Mr. McKinley claims precedence—it not yet the Presidency. He is known in



HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN

sistency, a professional politician. The two Bryans are even more distinct. One is a Western Messiah come to bring social salvation to the down-trodden masses of the East, whose mission is to save humanity from crucifixion on a cross of gold by giving it a crown of silver—a Heaven-born orator, likewise a model citizen and the epitome of all private virtues. The other Bryan is an anarchist, a revolutionary "bounder" from Nebraska, who has not a single practical idea on politics and would not understand it if he had—a dangerous fellow who ought to be kept out of mischief by hanging or some other equally effective means. I shall look at the candidates rather from the point of view

Europe mainly as the author of the tariff which bore his name; but he was a Congressman of some standing and a leading Protectionist long before McKinleyism became a factor in American politics and a disturbing influence in the world's trade. Let us look first, however, at the personal and domestic side of the Republican candidate. Both he and Mr. Bryan are of Scot-Irish ancestry—a mongrel race which is much appreciated in America. The Scot-Irish are descendants of emigrants from the North of Ireland, and are, as a rule, Presbyterians in religion. They have societies in almost every State, and a national convention. They publish histories and monographs on eminent Scot-Irishmen,

from which it would appear that nearly all famous Americans come from that stock. Mr. McKinley's great-grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier, so that he is a genuine American. His



MRS. MCKINLEY

father was a pioneer of the iron industry in Ohio, and lived to the age of eighty-five. His mother was Nancy Allison—said to be of Covenanting stock. She was married at eighteen, was the mother of nine children—of whom William was the seventh—and is still hale and hearty, although she is nearing ninety. The family were not well off, but Mrs. McKinley was resourceful and thrifty, and saw that her children had all a good education. William McKinley went to a country seminary in Ohio, and spent a short time at college. In his boyhood he must have been brought under the influence of the anti-slavery agitation, which was rife in the State, and at eighteen he enlisted in the Federal Army. It is not recorded whether he took part in any notable battle, but he must have done some good service, as he soon found himself a lieutenant and then a major. Major he has remained, although he laid aside his sword and took up the study of the law in 1865. He settled at Canton, Ohio, which continues to be his home. Shortly afterwards he entered politics, and in 1871 he married Ada Saxton, who acted as cashier in her father's bank at Canton. To understand Mr. McKinley's domestic virtues we must lift the veil from his home life.

In no sphere has he earned more distinction. The deaths of his two children before the age of four, followed by the disablement and permanent illness of his wife, threw a shadow over the McKinley household. Mr. McKinley has met the situation with heroic devotion. For twenty years he has nursed his wife, giving all the time he could spare from public work to lighten her sorrow and cheer her existence. He has cut himself adrift from the social enjoyments which fall to the lot of public men. He has foregone the pleasure of the club and the field. Unless he is away on a political tour Mr. McKinley stays at home every evening. His social engagements are confined mainly to visiting neighbours in the company of his wife, and his daily exercise consists of a walk of half-a-mile to his mother's house. He has lived a simple life. He does not drink, although he is not a prohibitionist. His smoking is limited to four cigars a day. On Sundays he attends the Methodist Church near his home, of which he is a pillar. Mr. McKinley inherits tenacious religious convictions from his mother. He is not a man who has read much. His literature consists largely of daily newspapers and monthly magazines. He is fond of Blue-books and has studied



MRS. BRYAN

political economy. His speeches have not a literary flavour, and he is too much in earnest to encourage humour. There are suggestions of Napoleon in his countenance: hence his nickname—



"Napoleon McKinley." He is of medium height and has a high, fine head, dark grey eyes, firm lips and a prominent nose.

Mr. McKinley's political career has now become well known. He was first elected a county attorney, and entered the House of Representatives as a Protectionist Republican in 1877, when he was thirty four. His one subject in the House has been Protection, and he undoubtedly mastered it. He was nothing if not a plodder. He never electrified the House with his eloquence, but impressed it with his sincerity. He took Garfield's place on the Ways and Means Committee in 1881. He was again returned triumphantly for Congress in the following year and remained until 1890, when the Democrats defeated him—as the result, his friends say, of the jerry-mandering of his constituency by his enemies. In 1891 Mr. McKinley was elected Governor of Ohio.

His chief political work has been, of course, the piloting of the Act which bore his name through Congress. He aspired to the Speakership, but was defeated by Mr. Reed, of Maine, and consoled with the Chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee—a position which has proved to be of more service to him. In 1894 Mr. McKinley carried on a great campaign in favour of Protection throughout the country, making in all 367 speeches.



MR. JOHN M. PALMER

A year ago there were many competitors for the Presidency in the Republican party, but Mr. McKinley swept them all from the field. The extinction of opposition was a mere matter of organisation, and his final acceptance by

acclamation was due to his silence. While other candidates gave their opinions on the money question, which suddenly became the great issue, Mr. McKinley remained silent. His speeches in the past had been silvery, but his silence



MR. S. B. BUCKNER

turned out to be golden. He has, therefore, one characteristic of a statesman: he knows when to hold his tongue.

William Jennings Bryan is the youngest man who has ever aspired to the Presidency of the United States. He is just turned thirty-five. He was born at Salem, Illinois, where his father, a Virginian, was a judge. Mr. Bryan received a better education than Mr. McKinley. He can claim greater intellectual attainments, and to his undoubted oratorical abilities is due the position he occupies in American politics. His speech at the Chicago Democratic Convention simply carried the delegates off their feet—and their heads—and every one, except Mr. Bryan, was surprised at the nomination. Mr. Bryan was not surprised. He has a little confidence in himself, and some belief in his powers of eloquence, and he was found calmly writing a message of thanks for his nomination before it took place. If Mr. Bryan's oratorical powers are judged by the influence he exercises on masses of people he is entitled to be considered a great orator; if his speeches are judged by their literary form they must be considered somewhat crude productions. His peroration at Chicago was commonplace, except the phrase, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," which was meaningless. The following, however, may be cited as the best example of Mr. Bryan's oratory. The passage may be said to

have been the turning-point in his career:—"My friends, we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast; but those hardy pioneers who have braved the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—those pioneers away out there rearing their children close to Nature's heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected school-houses for the education of their young, and churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where sleep the ashes of their dead, are as deserving of the consideration of this Party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest. We are fighting in defence of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned. We have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded. We have begged, and they have mocked, and our calamity came. We beg no longer, we entreat no more, we petition no more; we defy them."

Mr. Bryan has not a long political history. Having received a good American education at school, academy, and college, he studied law and began to practice as a lawyer and a politician in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1887. In 1888 he became known as the "Boy Orator," and captured the farmers in the State. In 1890 he was a candidate for Congress. He ran as a Democrat on tariff reform, and secured the seat. Like McKinley's first speech in Congress, Bryan's was on tariff, but on the opposite side. A friend describes the effect it produced, as follows:—"Members who had started to leave the hall came back to their seats. The galleries, which had thinned out, were soon filled with attentive listeners. Senators left their side of the Capitol and found audience-room on the floor of the House. The day before the speech Bryan was unknown outside of his district; the day after the speech he had a national reputation as an orator.

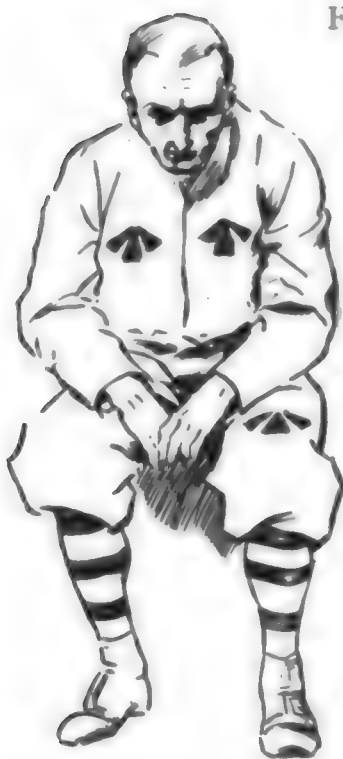
Everyone was surprised, except the man who made the speech." Mr. Bryan did not run for Congress in 1894; his majority having fallen to ominous dimensions in 1892. He hoped to receive the nominating Senator, but did not succeed.

Mr. Bryan gradually went over to Populism—the growing political force in his State. He joined the editorship of an Omaha Populist paper to his legal business, but has always been a poor man. He married in 1884, and, like Mr. McKinley, has many private virtues. He is a Presbyterian, and holds strong religious convictions. He never tasted alcoholic liquor. He lives simply and dresses plainly. He has a strong and handsome face, a mellifluous, deep-toned voice, and a sturdy frame—undoubtedly a typical product of Western civilisation. Mrs. Bryan is also a keen politician. She is well educated and has been admitted to the Bar, but has never practised. The only brief she has held is one for her husband in the present campaign.

If Mr. Bryan is the youngest Presidential candidate on record, Senator John M. Palmer, the gold Democratic candidate, is certainly the oldest. He is bordering on eighty, but it cannot be said that he has much to commend him except his age. His candidature is intended to draw weak gold Democrats from the Bryan side. Mr. Palmer was Governor of Illinois a few years after his opponent Bryan was born in that State. He has a venerable colleague in General Simon Bolivar Buckner, gold Vice-Presidential candidate. He served in the Mexican War, and was a general in the Confederate Army—surrendering to General Grant at Fort Donelson. Mr. Bryan has the distinction of having two Vice-Presidential colleagues who are deadly enemies. The Democrats have given him a mild Silverite in a banker and shipowner from New England, and the Populists an extreme Radical from Georgia. The Prohibitionist and Socialist candidates are of little account.

# The Confession of John Marxman.

WRITTEN BY J. W. FEAVER. ILLUSTRATED BY O. ECKHARDT.



FOR three years, I —an innocent man— was in prison, and for three years I thought of little else but revenge. Scheme upon scheme I evolved and rejected: for one would show a faint chance of failure, another left open the probability of detection, and my plan was not finally settled upon until the end of the first year. Then each minute detail was considered, each clue eliminated, every

possibility of the victim's escape cut off, and at the end of the third year, when I stood a free man outside Holloway, nothing was more certain to my mind than the death of Richard Neave.

It would serve no purpose to relate here Neave's fiendish act, that had ruined my prospects and reputation. I cannot speak calmly of it, and I hate him even now, when he is dead. I could have borne my own misfortunes, but the trial and sentence killed my young and delicate wife. After that I became a madman; apparently in full possession of all my senses, I had but one idea—that of murder.

For two weeks after my release I lived in several lodging-houses of the lower type, and having lost a little of my criminal appearance, started upon my work. My first step was to realize the wreck of my former home, and when everything to the smallest item (excepting only a few books) had been sold, I possessed exactly £250, which sum I calculated would last me three years. I certainly expected to accom-

plish my aim within two, but I allowed an extra year for any occurrence, such as an illness, that might delay me. With this sum in my possession, I engaged two small rooms in a poor neighbourhood, at the back of Walworth Road. To my landlady I was known as Thomas Mitchell who had come up from Essex to try his fortune in London; and (this fact may seem somewhat irrelevant), I at once commenced to regularly attend a neighbouring Wesleyan Church.

For the first month I went out daily, ostensibly to look for work; and in that time I discovered, first that Neave (who was manager of the Great Western Insurance Company, Lombard Street), was still at his old post; and next, that he had removed from Clapham to Denmark Hill. This last point gave me some trouble to find out, and it required three weeks' cautious tracking and circumspection before I traced him to his home.

I then wrote a discreetly-worded letter to him, addressing it from one of my former lodging-houses, and arranged for the proprietor (whom I guarded against police corruption with a sovereign) to forward any answer to my Walworth address. In this letter I stated that it was my intention to emigrate to the States, but not having the necessary amount to book the passage I relied upon him to forward me £10.

I remember clearly writing at the end of this letter:

*If you will reflect and consider what are the feelings towards you of a man whom you have socially ruined and morally degraded, and whose wife you have killed, you will think his absence from England well worth £10. If you choose to consider this a threat and trace me out, I should at the utmost be imprisoned for a few months—and then.*

My judgment had not been wrong, and within a week I received the £10 in notes. My next move was to insert the

following advertisement in one of the evening papers: "Young man wanted, willing to emigrate. Passage paid. Apply X., office of this paper, giving age, height, appearance, &c." To this advertisement I received a score of answers, and chose an applicant whose appearance seemed most to resemble my own. To this person's mystification I offered to send him to the States on the following conditions: firstly, that I should take out his passage in the name of Marxman, which name he would have to assume until his arrival in America; and, secondly, that I should accompany him to Southampton and see him off. However, he readily assented to these terms. I booked his passage, accompanied him to Southampton, saw him off, and, before returning to London, posted a letter to Neave reproaching him for his baseness, and (as if by an after-thought) informing him of my—or rather my double's—departure. The easier part of my scheme was now accomplished, and I did not doubt that Neave would make inquiries and assure himself that I had sailed.

By this time two months had passed. I now professed to have found work, and went out every morning at eight o'clock, not returning till the same hour at night; and truly I was well occupied. I had a double task: to make a study of Neave, his habits, appearance and dress, and (this may at first seem strange) to become well acquainted with all the main roads in and around London. The latter gave me no trouble, and after another six months I verily believe I could have drawn quite a passable map of the great city. Whilst engaged in this pursuit, I experienced a startling encounter. The three years in prison had so altered my appearance that I thought myself unrecognisable. But one afternoon in Edgware Road, suddenly, to my great alarm, I saw an old associate coming in my direction, and not more than a dozen yards from me. I could not evade him, and recognition meant the total wreck of my scheme. When within a few paces he saw me, and slightly hesitated. It was a critical moment, but, commanding my countenance with the greatest effort, I returned his glance with a stolid, stupid stare, and passed slowly on. After this I used more prudence, and a few simple expedients obviated all further chance of discovery.

My first object, however—that of making a study of Neave's appearance and habits—caused me much trouble and required great patience. But to me time was of no value, and ultimate success was certain. I marked each detail of his dress, the cut of his coat, the style of his scarf and collar, his massive gold chain and seals. Gradually I collected a facsimile of each article he wore, although it was some time before I could obtain a cheap chain of the same pattern. His habits, too, I carefully observed. Every morning he left home at nine, and walking down as far as Camberwell Green, took a 'bus for the City. At one he went out to lunch at a neighbouring restaurant; and he invariably left the City at five, taking the 'bus again to Camberwell and walking the remaining distance. But what I especially noted was that upon the last two nights of each month he stayed in the City much later, and leaving between nine and ten, returned home by cab. I was already well acquainted with his mannerisms, and found it easy to copy his peculiar stride and mode of speech. The reader of this confession can now, perhaps, see that I wished to impersonate Neave—and indeed this was the very basis of my plot, for we were nearly of the same age, height, and build; and after I had obtained an excellent imitation of his side whiskers from a small shop near Drury Lane, the second part of my scheme was accomplished.

During this period I had been building up a favourable reputation among my neighbours. I had been favoured with a good education, and being of a studious bent of mind, my leisure was devoted entirely to my books. On this account the minister of the Wesleyan Church became intimate with me. On his first visit, I remember, he found me occupied with Heusde's *Initia Platonicae*, and I am afraid the worthy man was greatly mystified both by myself and the book. However, doubtless he thought he had discovered a *rara avis* and from that time we spent many an interesting evening together. To a psychologist my mind at this period must have presented a startling problem. Every day with calm malignity, I followed the plan of my revenge with relentless tenacity; yet coming home in the evening I could sit down, and with untroubled conscience peruse and enjoy the exalted utterances

of a poet, or the ideal maxims of the moralist. But these reflections are out of place in this confession, and I must resume.

It was now necessary for me to leave the neighbourhood of Walworth for a short time. I told my landlady that I was going for a week to visit my friends in the country; and one morning, packing an old portmanteau with all the apparel, and various articles by means of which I intended to personate Neave, and selecting a train which did not stop at intermediate stations, I took a first-class return ticket to Croydon. Waiting until the last moment, I secured a compartment to myself. The twenty-five minutes which is the average time of the run, gave me ample time to make—with the assistance of the mirror—all necessary alterations; and upon my arrival at Croydon I presented a fair likeness to Neave. But even now my difficulties were not over; for I dared not alight unless I could evade the observation of the guard, who would be almost certain to note my transformation, the more especially as there were not more than twenty or thirty passengers in the train. Fortunately a quantity of luggage was being removed, and choosing my time well, I slipped out and passed the barrier safely. I returned by the next train; and engaged for a week, under an

assumed name, two rooms in a cheap hotel I had previously fixed upon at the back of the Strand. Then I prepared to play what was, perhaps, the most important part of my scheme.

The next afternoon, setting out about half-past four, I watched till I saw Neave



"I HAD BUT ONE IDEA"

leave his office, as quickly as possible made my way to a well-known gunsmith's in Cheapside, and proceeded to choose a revolver. Acting Neave to the best of my ability I at length settled upon a weapon, paid for it, and made as if to depart; but before reaching the door I suddenly turned, and remarked, "By the way, can you recommend an engraver to





"HE RECOGNISED ME INSTANTLY"

me? I may as well have my initials on it." As I anticipated, the assistant offered to have it done for me. I agreed, gave him the initials, R.N., requested him to send it when finished to Denmark Hill (giving him Neave's address), and left the shop. A few minutes after, I again entered, hurriedly, saying, "You need not trouble to send, I'll call for it to-morrow evening," and once more went out. On the following evening, watching Neave as before, I called, and obtained the revolver. For the rest of the week I went out but rarely; and then again changing my character as at first, I reappeared in Walworth.

And now to further my ends I reported that I was thrown out of work. Then with the aid of a character from my friend, the minister, and my knowledge of London, I easily obtained a driver's licence for a hansom. Mounted on that hansom, with the pistol in my breast pocket, I knew Neave's life was at my mercy. But hurry was no part of my programme, and it was nine months before I entrapped him; though on the last night of one month (I think it was July), as I purposely crawled up Lombard Street between nine and ten, he even hailed me. I answered curtly "Engaged," and went on, for the night was too fine, and I felt that hardly enough time had passed to soften down my impression on the gunsmith. My chance came in November. On the evening of the 29th I had been up and down Lombard Street a dozen times, and, thinking I had missed him, was about to drive off to seek a fare elsewhere, when out he came, hailed me, gave his address and jumped in.

During that last drive I was under a spell of curious exhilaration, and I remember laughing silently at the thought of my victim's fancied security; but as we turned into the street, where he resided, I immediately regained my normal composure. Upon one point only I relied on chance, and that was for a deserted road. The road was deserted. Drawing up sharply when about a hundred yards from his house, as far as possible from a lamp-light, I jumped down, leaped into the cab, and exclaimed

in a tone full of meaning "Richard Neave." The lamp shone full upon my face, he recognised me instantly, and with a faint cry, something between a gasp and a scream, shrank back in an abject posture of terror. I allowed not a moment to pass, and fired two deliberate shots at his head (slightly behind the ear), placed the revolver on the seat, sprang out, and cried for help. In about a minute two young men rushed out from the nearest house. I gave a hurried explanation. We led the cab to Neave's door, and with the assistance of a constable carried the apparently lifeless body inside. He was still living, but unconscious. He lingered for another ten minutes, and regaining his senses for a few moments before death, feebly muttered something, which was, however, unintelligible. I have no doubt he attempted to utter my name, but, even if he had succeeded, Marxman was in America. For the remainder of the night I was detained, but obtained my liberty the next morning on the representation of my friend the minister.

At the inquest I stated that when about the middle of the road Neave suddenly called out for me to pull up, and immediately afterwards I heard two reports. My evidence was in part supported by the two neighbours, and the constable deposed that the revolver produced was found lying on the seat. The assistant at the gunsmith's in Cheapside identified the body as that of a gentleman who had, nine months previously, purchased the revolver produced. Being questioned, he said that he (the assistant) had taken Neave's address, as at first it had been arranged that the revolver should be sent on, but Neave coming in on the next day took it himself. After the doctor's evidence the usual questions were asked by the jurymen, but they could discover no motive for the crime. His City and his domestic affairs were in perfect order, he had enjoyed good health, and had never appeared in any way depressed.

These were the principal points at the inquest, and the jury, after a short deliberation, returned the inevitable verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

# *A City of Industry.*

By JAMES E. ARCHIBALD.

**T**HE days may be past when Ireland was to the Englishman no more than a geographical fact—an island off the west coast of Great Britain, famed for faction fights and potatoes. The political events of recent

surpassed by anything in the kingdom.

The average Englishman who visits Belfast for the first time experiences a revelation. If he journeys to Belfast by any one of the numerous and well-appointed steamers which cross the Channel nightly, he makes his acquaintance with the North of Ireland in the best manner possible, for a sail up Belfast Lough in the early hours of a summer morning forms a pleasurable introduction to the charms of the Green Isle. The Lough is a splendid arm of the sea, some twelve miles in length and about five miles wide at its mouth; and as the good steamer, rounding the Copeland Islands, enters its placid waters, the most unromantic of her passengers can scarcely fail to be stirred to admiration. At first the bleak cliffs on the northern or County Antrim shore present a striking contrast to the pastoral charms of the southern or County Down shore; but further up the Lough the contrast is less marked,



ALDERMAN W. J. PIRRIE, J.P.  
(LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST)  
From a photograph by Kilpatrick, Belfast

years have forced the people of that land to take a more intelligent interest in the affairs of the Sister Country, and many have been led to pay her a visit in order that they might be in a better position to judge of her requirements and to estimate her grievances. Yet Ireland is still far too little known to the majority of Englishmen. Every summer and autumn witnesses a great exodus of British tourists to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" and to Continental scenes; but comparatively few recognise the claims of Old Erin for a share of their holiday patronage. Of those who do visit Ireland too many remain content with seeing the south and west. They are apparently ignorant of the fact that Northern Ireland has her beauties, too, and that in rugged Antrim and mountainous Donegal there are scenes which for weird picturesqueness cannot be



ALDERMAN HENDERSON, A.M., T.C.D., J.P.  
From a photograph by Abernethy, Belfast

and on each shore nestle snug towns and villages sheltered by guardian hills. On the northern side ancient Carrickfergus, with its historic castle, is noticed; while, looking to the other side, the voyager

will see the favourite resorts of Bangor and Holywood, not far from the former of which are Clondeboye, a seat of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and Helen's Tower, erected by that nobleman to the memory of his mother, and immortalised by Tennyson and Browning. The Lough gradually narrows until, entering the river Lagan, the steamer glides past the noted shipbuilding works of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Limited, and reaches her berth at Donegal Quay.

Belfast stands at the head of the Lough, on the banks of the Lagan, which divides the city, so that the greater part is in County Antrim and the lesser portion in County Down. The river is spanned by four bridges within the municipal limits. The city is well laid out, and covers a large area, extending as it does from the low-lying land about the harbour, much of which has been reclaimed from the Lough, to the base of the neighbouring hills. Prominent amongst these rise Cave Hill, Divis, and the Black Mountain on the County Antrim side, and the Castle-reagh Hills on the County Down side.

While Dublin ranks as the metropolis of the Emerald Isle, the citizens of Belfast claim for their flourishing city the title of

country, and that its history is a record of continual development, unequalled in Ireland, and perhaps unsurpassed in the kingdom. It is by no means an ancient city, and it cannot lay claim to the



MR. JAMES MUSGRAVE, D.L.  
(CHAIRMAN OF THE BELFAST HARBOUR COMMISSION)  
From a photograph by Knaptrick, Belfast

historic interest associated with many other towns whose names figure more prominently in Irish history. Little more than a century ago a chronicler wrote concerning it that there were 15,000 inhabitants in the town, and that it was "very well built of bricks, the streets being broad and straight, and having a lively and busy appearance." Ninety years ago—in 1816—the population was 30,720. In 1831 this had increased to 53,287, in 1841 to 70,447, in 1851 to 87,062, in 1861 to 121,602, in 1871 to 174,412, in 1881 to 208,122, and in 1891 to 255,950, and, according to the estimate of the Registrar-General for Ireland, the present population totals about 277,300. The valuation has grown from £135,000 in 1841 to £878,372 in 1896. The area within the municipal boundary is 6,805 acres, but a Bill for the extension of the boundary has just passed through Parliament, whereby the municipal area will be increased to about 17,000 acres and the population will probably stand at about 300,000.

Belfast—which is generally supposed to derive its name from the words *bel* or *bewl*, a ford, and *fearsad*, a sand-bank—received its first charter in 1613, when King James I. constituted the then small

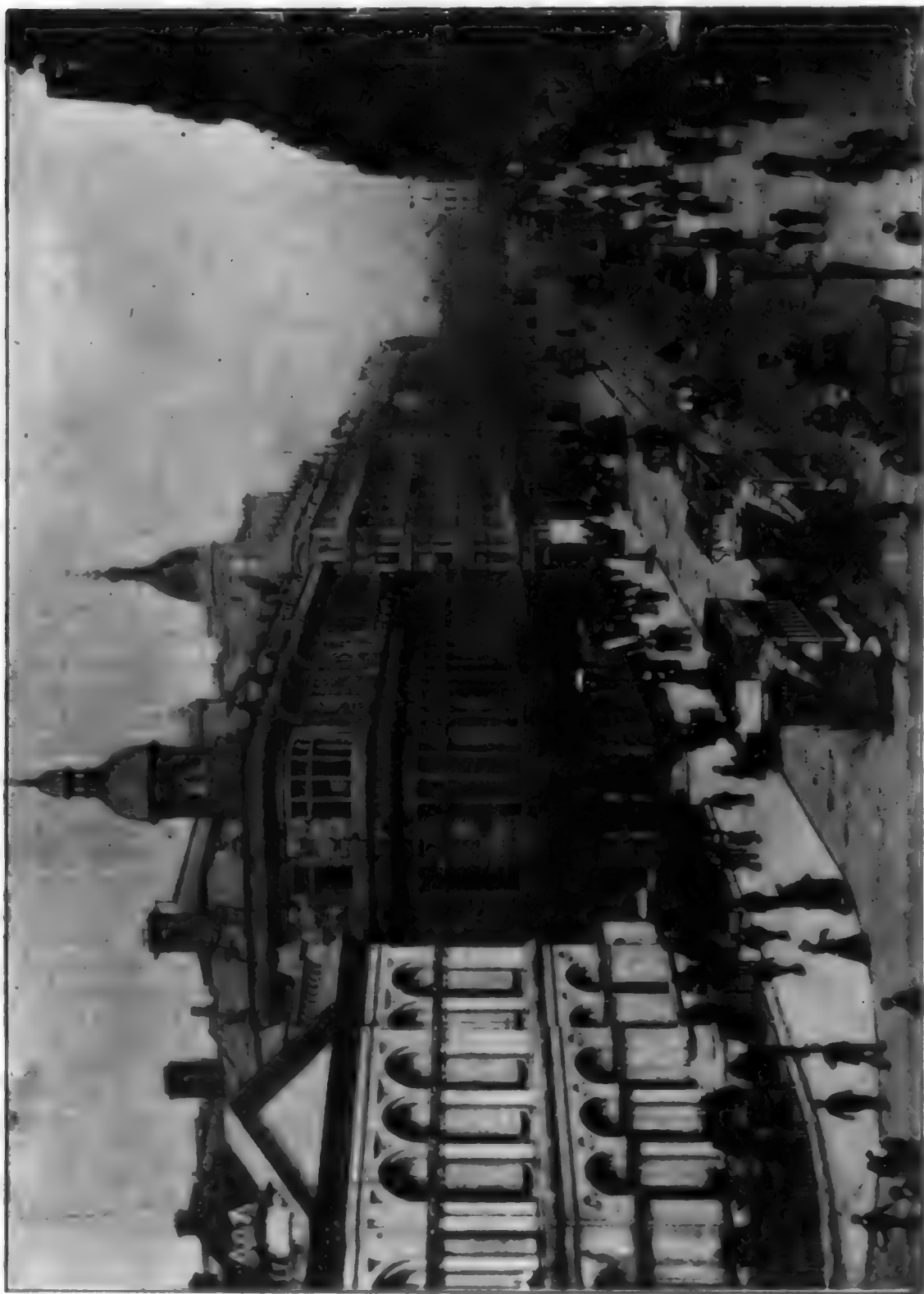


SIR SAMUEL BLACK  
(TOWN CLERK OF BELFAST)  
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London

the commercial capital of Ireland. Nor is the claim based upon mere local prejudice. No one who is acquainted with the facts of the case will deny that Belfast is the most prosperous city in the

and unpretentious town a corporation to consist of a sovereign, or chief magistrate, and twelve burgesses and commonalty, with the right of sending two

things gave place to the new, and the governing body of the town became the mayor, aldermen and burgesses. In 1888 the Queen conferred the rank of city



ROYAL AVENUE

members to Parliament. James II. annulled this charter, and a new one was issued in 1688, but the original charter was restored by William III. in 1690. With the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1841 the old order of

upon Belfast, and in 1892 the title of Lord Mayor was bestowed upon its chief magistrate. The city returns four members to Parliament.

The above statistics will give the reader some idea of the wonderful growth



of Belfast within the last century. That progress must be attributed to the indomitable industry and business capacity of its people, and in a special degree to the successful manner in which they have fostered and developed the linen trade. Belfast may well be termed Linenopolis, for it is the centre of that great industry which is now the only textile manufacture carried on to any extent in Ireland, and a large proportion of its population are employed in the mills, factories, and warehouses connected with the staple trade. Many of these buildings—for instance, the York Street Flax Spinning

price per stone was 5s. The quantity of linen exported from Belfast during the three months ending December 31st, 1895, amounted to 10,399 tons, compared with 8,805 tons in the corresponding quarter of 1894. Within the three months ending June 30th, 1896, the quantity exported was 9,629 tons, compared with 10,389 tons in the corresponding quarter of the previous year. There are upwards of 100,000 persons employed in connection with the linen trade in Ireland, amongst whom £2,750,000 is distributed every year in wages; and the capital invested is estimated at fully



QUEEN'S COLLEGE

From a photograph by R. Welsh

Company's Mill—are amongst the show places of the city, and are visited with interest by both British and American tourists. The quaint old spinning-wheel and the hand-loom, once such familiar objects in the cottage homes of Ireland, have practically passed out of use, and are seldom seen save as curiosities. There are pessimists who speak of the linen-trade as "done," and who would inscribe "Ichabod" over the doors of its establishments; but the facts of the case do not seem to justify their doleful view. The area under flax in Ireland in 1895 was 95,202 acres, and the average yield was 21·8 stones per acre, while the average

£15,000,000. These statements are made upon the authority of a prominent official of the Linen Merchants' Association—an organisation which has for its object the regulation and protection of the trade, the settlement of disputes by arbitration, the bringing before Parliament of Bills tending to further the interests of the linen business, and the carrying out of all projects likely to promote the advancement and prosperity of the manufacture.

But side by side with the linen trade there has within the last half century grown up in Belfast another branch of industry—the shipbuilding trade. Vessels

were constructed in Belfast much earlier than fifty years ago, but an extraordinary development has been witnessed within that space of time which has raised the trade to a leading position. That development has been mainly due to the successful enterprise of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Ltd., whose Queen's Island Shipbuilding Works are world-famous. In 1854, Messrs. Robert Hickson and Co. introduced into Belfast the constructing of iron and steel ships, and four years later their business passed into the hands of their manager, Mr. (subsequently Sir) Edward J. Harland, who soon afterwards

baronetcy, and for many years sat as one of the Parliamentary representatives of the city. Sir Edward Harland, who died somewhat suddenly in December last, was a man of wonderful capacity, and his life-story is an interesting record of earnest and persevering work. He was the first to introduce the long style of ocean steamship, with the saloon and first-class passenger accommodation amidships, and he was also the pioneer of many other improvements. All the White Star liners have been built at the Queen's Island Works, which have long held a premier position amongst the



THE LINEN HALL.  
From a photograph by R. Welsh

took Mr. G. W. Wolff into partnership. The progress made by the firm has been remarkable, and it has had much to do with the growth of Belfast. In 1858 the yard was only  $1\frac{3}{4}$  acre in extent, and the employes numbered less than 100; now the works cover some 80 acres, and the number of men employed varies from 7,000 to 9,500. In 1874, Mr. W. J. Pirrie, now the Lord Mayor of Belfast, and Mr. Walter H. Wilson were taken into partnership. The success of the Queen's Island Works must be traced to the genius of the head of the firm, who in time became the chief magistrate of Belfast, received the dignity of a

shipbuilding yards of the kingdom, and several other important companies are customers of the firm. For four successive years — 1891 to 1894 — Messrs. Harland and Wolff enjoyed the distinction of launching more tonnage than any other firm in the British Isles, but last year, owing to the disastrous strike in the trade, they lost the first place—at all events, temporarily. However, they came second on the list with an output of 58,093 tons, although they only launched seven steamers; and Messrs. Workman, Clark and Company, Limited, another Belfast firm, came fourth with eleven steamers of 43,723 gross tonnage.



BELFAST CASTLE  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. WELSH

Apart from the two great trades alluded to, there are many other important branches of industry followed in Belfast. It possesses the largest rope-works in the world, owned by a company of which Mr. W. H. Smiles, son of the author of *Self-Help*, is the managing director; it has mammoth distilleries for the manufacture of Irish whisky, which was exported last year to the extent of 22,836 tuns, compared with 21,024 tuns in 1894; it has several makers of aerated waters, of which 9,661 tuns were exported last year, against 8,315 tuns in 1894; the manufacture of tobacco is carried on by

T.C.D., J.P., of whom we give a portrait. There are two other morning papers—the *Northern Whig* and the *Irish News*—and two “evenings”—the *Evening Telegraph* (the first halfpenny evening newspaper born in Ireland) and the *Ulster Echo*—in addition to weekly and monthly journals.

As a port, Belfast takes high rank. Its citizens sometimes speak of it as the “third port in the kingdom,” but the phrase is rather misleading, inasmuch as it is only a correct description in the matter of the amount of Customs revenue collected. In this respect it ranks next



ABERDEEN BASIN AND HARLAND AND WOLFF'S IRON SHIP-YARD  
From a photograph by R. Welsh

many local firms; there are large engineering works, and an extensive trade is done in timber.

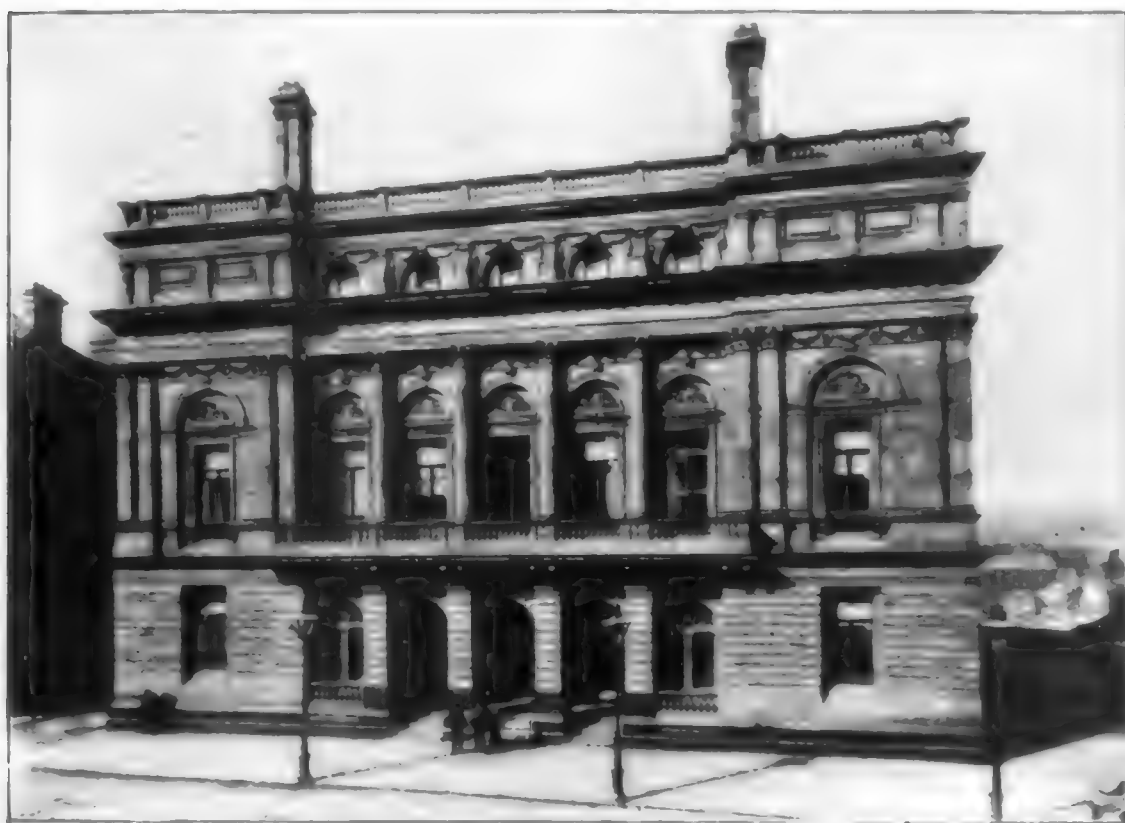
Printing—which was introduced into Belfast over 200 years ago—and lithography are represented by several firms of repute, and the city occupies a prominent position in the journalistic world by reason of the fact that it possesses the oldest newspaper published in Ireland—the *Belfast News-Letter*, established so long ago as 1737. It has for the past century been owned by one family, and is now published daily by Messrs. Henderson and Co. The managing proprietor is Alderman Henderson, A.M.,

to London and Liverpool. For about fifty years prior to 1785, the Belfast harbour was managed by the municipal authorities, but in the year mentioned an Act was passed constituting a body known as the “Corporation for preserving and improving the port and harbour of Belfast.” In 1847 an Act was passed changing the name of this Corporation to that of the Belfast Harbour Commissioners, and giving the Trust larger powers to borrow money on mortgage, to construct works, and to fill up old docks. The Commissioners have been ever ready to carry out any scheme which would tend to the advancement of the interests

of the port. In pursuance of powers granted to them by their Act of 1882, they widened the Victoria Channel, which extends out to deep water. This channel is now 300 feet wide at the bottom, and is 26 feet deep at ordinary high water, so that vessels drawing 25 feet can come up to the quays. They have also lately provided a new branch dock, whose waters are so deep that vessels which come in at high water can remain afloat in the dock at all states of the tide. The dock accommodation has been continually increasing, and ample sheds have been

debit side. The income for 1895 was £139,190, and the expenditure £128,342. The Chairman of the Harbour Board is Mr. James Musgrave, D.L. The new Harbour Office in Corporation Square, which was opened this year by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cadogan, is one of the most handsome public buildings in the city.

But while the interests of the port have been so well conserved, those of the city itself have been equally well promoted by the municipal authorities. Large districts of dilapidated property have undergone a transformation. There



ART GALLERY, MUSEUM, AND FREE LIBRARY  
From a photograph by R. Welsh

provided, while the appliances for the handling of goods are of the most modern type. All the local lines of railway are connected with the principal quays by means of tram lines constructed by the Commissioners. The trade of the port is steadily increasing. The tonnage cleared in 1895 amounted to 2,150,232, an increase of 64,277 tons on the previous year, which in its turn showed an increase of 83,324 tons on 1893. The revenue for 1895 was about £9,000 in advance of the preceding year. In the Commissioners' balance-sheet for the past year a total of £1,668,996 appears on the credit side, and £535,925 less on the

is, perhaps, no town in the British Isles better supplied with public baths. Its gas committee was the first in Ireland, and either the second or third in the kingdom, to adopt the water gas process, which did away with the necessity of erecting additional gasworks and enabled the committee almost to double their annual average profit within a year or two from the adoption of the process. In this connection large tanks have been constructed near the gasworks, and mains have been laid for nearly two miles down to the berths at which the tank-ships lie, and the cargoes of oil are thus conveyed rapidly and conveniently from the hold



of each vessel to the tanks. The gas-works were purchased by the Corporation in 1874, at a cost of £386,550, and since their acquisition they have been quadrupled in size and output. Belfast is certainly one of the best-lighted of cities, although as yet electricity has not been used for the illumination of the streets. It is amusing in these days to read that in 1686 an order was enforced in Belfast to the effect that from September 29th to March 25th, "except in



ALDERMAN E. I. MCCONNELL, J.P.  
(CHAIRMAN OF THE BELFAST CITY AND DISTRICT WATER COMMISSIONERS)

From a photograph by Kilpatrick, Belfast

moonlight, to prevent the danger of walking the streets, each inhabitant shall hang out from his door or window a lantern with a candle for three hours, beginning at seven o'clock in the evening." The electric light has recently been adopted by the Corporation, and is supplied by them to subscribers at certain fixed rates. The main drainage scheme, which has just been completed, was begun in 1887 and has cost considerably over £300,000. A good deal of money has been spent upon the Fire Brigade, and the central and district stations are now of the most approved type, while the brigade itself in equipment and efficiency is second to none. The city is remarkably well provided with parks, there being no fewer than seven, varying from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 100 acres in extent.

Not far from the handsome Albert

Memorial, the clock of which serves as the time-keeper of Belfast, stand the Municipal Buildings. This edifice, erected in 1871, is no longer deemed worthy of the city, nor, indeed, is its accommodation adequate. Consequently a scheme is on foot for the erection of a new city hall at a cost of £150,000, on a fine site recently acquired in the centre of the city, formerly occupied by the White Linen Hall, a quaint structure which was built in 1785 for the use of the linen merchants, and which, after serving its day, has just been razed to the ground. The site is about five acres in extent, so that it will be possible to erect a commodious hall and still leave a desirable open space.

This is not the only undertaking of magnitude contemplated by the "City Fathers." It is proposed to build an Infectious Diseases Hospital. The purchase of the beautiful estate of Purdysburn, a few miles from the city, has been completed by the Corporation, and here a lunatic asylum, capable of accommodating over 800 patients, will be erected.

The water supply is under the control of the Belfast City and District Water Commissioners, a body which was incorporated in 1840. Their reservoirs have a storage capacity of 2,405 million gallons, and the average supply to the city is about ten million gallons per day. The Commissioners have secured powers enabling them to obtain an increased supply from the Mourne Mountains district when they deem it necessary.

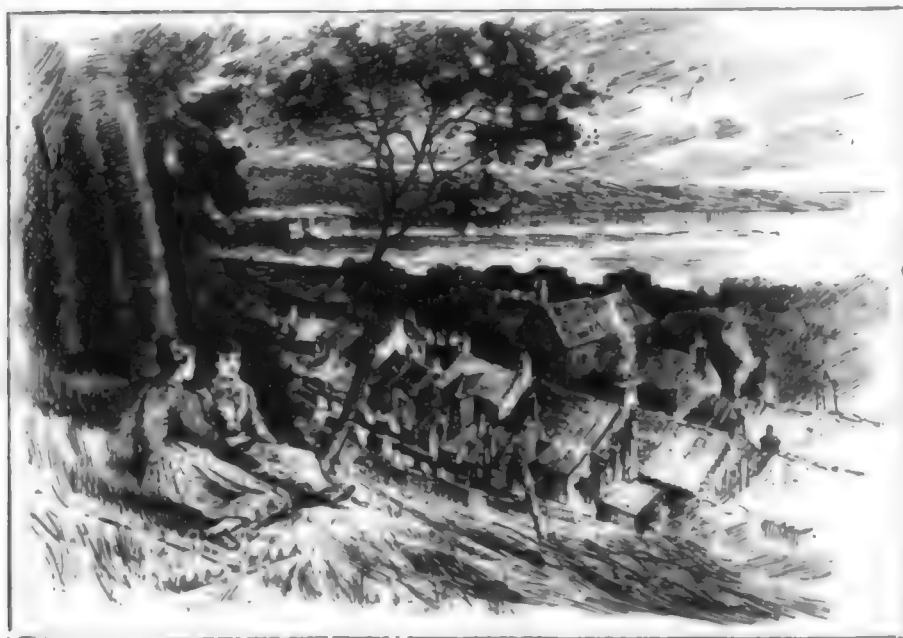
Few cities are better equipped than Belfast in the matter of educational institutions. The most important of these is the Queen's College—a stately Tudor pile, which Macaulay declared was "worthy to stand in the High Street of Oxford." It is one of the three colleges associated with the Royal University of Ireland, and its roll of *alumni* includes the names of men distinguished in various walks of life. Many valuable additions have been made to the college buildings within recent years, and a "Students' Union" is now in course of erection. The Government School of Art has done, and is doing, an excellent work, but it is sorely handicapped through lack of proper accommodation. It finds a home in a building which has little pretensions to beauty of architecture. The local provisions for technical education are also far from satis-

factory, but it is hoped that an improvement will soon be manifested in this respect, and some of the citizens suggest that when the present Municipal Buildings are vacated by the Corporation they should be transformed into a Technical Institute. The musical, artistic, and scientific societies are numerous.

Like Cologne, Belfast has often been called a city of churches, but, unlike Cologne, it is a city without a cathedral. A movement is, however, now on foot—and is meeting with generous support—for the raising of funds to defray the cost of erecting a cathedral on the site of the ancient parish church of St. Anne's, Donegall Street. Some of the ecclesiastical buildings are handsome structures.

If space permitted, much might be

said about Belfast as a centre or starting point for holiday tours. The railway and steamship companies show considerable enterprise in catering for tourists, and their efforts deserve to meet with increasing success. When the visitor has seen the sights of Belfast, and when he has viewed the city and the surrounding country from the summit of Cave Hill, the Ben Madighan of an earlier day, at whose base stands Belfast Castle, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury, then he may hie to see the charms of the glens of Antrim, the beauties of Rostrevor and Newcastle, or the wonders of the Giant's Causeway. The delightful places that may be visited from Belfast are truly legion; happy is the man or woman who has time to see them all.



# THE NEW PAUL PRY "I HOPE I DONT INTRUDE"

## VARIOUS ADVENTURES.

### SERGEANT WHITE ON "HATS-AND-FEATHERS"

"NO, it isn't want of education so much that brings so many lads to these cells. It's a 'hat-and-feathers' that generally does it."

"A hat-and-feathers?"

"Yes, that's what this class of youth, the pickpocket or 'fob-diver,' calls his sweetheart. She isn't his 'girl,' or his 'mash.' She's his 'hat-and-feathers.'"

"And she's the cause of his undoing?"

"In three cases out of four, I should say. Lots of the youths have passed the sixth standard, but they haven't been able to pass vicious female company when they have met it, and that's how they have got to these cells."

So spoke Sergeant White, the chief gaoler at Bow Street. He went on:

"I don't know that their education, by aggravating their precocity, hasn't

brought them here all the quicker. They get walking about with their arms round the necks of bits of girls when they ought to be in bed, for they are little

better than children in years. Now you can't take girls about, even in 'Drury Lane and the Dials, without expense, and the consequence is they have barely left school before they get to replenishing their purses in very queer ways in order to keep these young monkeys of girls, barely out of their short skirts, in fried fish and stout. And then, when they have got the youths into trouble, these girls come here and cry over them, and swear at me, and give me no end of

trouble, until I have them put out. They smuggle things in to the prisoners too, if they get half a chance; and for one reason and another I don't mind admitting I've got my knife into the young vermin."



SERGEANT WHITE  
From a photograph by Bastiste and Son

### A "HAT-AND-FEATHERS" ON SERGEANT WHITE.

Outside the Court I saw an unmistakable "hat-and-feathers" looking resentfully at the dingy stone wall. "Do you want to see Sergeant White?" I asked.

"No," she replied, sullenly; "I've seen

all I want ter see of 'im for a bit. He's just outed me."

"Turned you out. What for?"

"'Cos he allus does, the beast. 'Cos I took my bloke in a 'soft roe.'"

"Whatever is a 'soft roe?'"

"What I took in for my bloke, that's what it is. A thick slice of bread and butter, with a hole in it, full of 'baccar. They won't let yer take 'baccar in. Bill, 'e was the fool. If 'e'd a-started eatin' it instead of messin' abart with it until the gaoler twigs there's some'at snide abart it, nobody would 'ave bin any the wiser. But when a bloke puts a 'doorstep' down by the side of 'im instead of puttin' it in the 'ole in 'is face, w'y, of course, 'e might expect ter see Sergeant White pick it up and squeeze it to see if it was a hard roe or a soft 'un. But wot's it got to do with Sergeant White? That's wot I want ter know. W'y can't he let a bloke's tommy alone? I don't b'leeve he's got any rights to go pinchin'

and squeezin' at people's food. I reckon it's a great liberty."

"But Sergeant White wouldn't interfere unless he had reason to suspect something, would he?"

"O, wouldn't he; really, now. Well, if yer arst me, 'e's abart as interferin' an old Guy Fawkes as they make 'em. W'y, one day last month Biddy Langley acshally baked a loaf er bread round a packet of 'baccar and a box er vestas, and Sergeant White went and cut the loaf open. P'raps he may be able to stop yer carryin' 'baccar in, but wot right 'as 'e got to cut people's loaves open? Wot right 'as 'e got; tell me that! Sergeant White, indeed! I'd like to mark 'im."

#### A COURT OFFICIAL'S STORY.

But if the Sergeant is unpopular with young women of this kind, he will not trouble much while those in authority regard him as highly as does the official of the Court to whom I next went. "I consider our gaoler a marvel," said this gentleman. Do you know that in those cells of which he has charge he gets no less than between six thousand and seven thousand prisoners every year? That's as many customers as most hotels get, I should imagine. For sixteen years he has held his post, and you'd think a man would have become hardened and brutalised by contact with criminals for all those years. Yet I assure you he is one of the kindest and best natured men living."

"He is a man of great responsibility here?"

"Yes. Out of the Court-room itself, he has the sole management and control of the prisoners, and of the arrangements for the visits of their friends; and he exercises his control with remarkable discretion and judgment."

"I observed recently that he keeps other prisoners down in the cells, as well as human beings."

"How?"

"Birds."

"Oh yes, he has always been fond of

birds. He used to keep as many as forty, and very few were caged. One of his blackbirds once abused its liberty shockingly."

"Tell me about it."

"Oh! his blackbirds used to roam about the floor of the Court, stealing quills and blotting-paper and pecking at prisoners' toes, and at length one of them interrupted the magistrate in his remarks."

"Which magistrate?"

"Mr. Vaughan."

"Yes, go on."

"What was that," demanded Mr. Vaughan, "and there was an awful pause. The learned magistrate had not gone much further in his utterance when the blackbird groaned. 'If that person makes any further remark I will have him removed from Court,' exclaimed Mr. Vaughan. Again the magistrate proceeded with his remarks, and the bird emitted a chuckle, and distinctly drew two corks. 'Remove that disgraceful person instantly,' commanded the outraged magistrate; and it was just as well that Mr. Vaughan is short-sighted, for everybody in Court was doubled in silent convulsions as Sergeant White at last caught his reprobate of a bird and took him down below."

#### AN ARTIST IN HAIR.

"Shave, Sir?" he said.

There was a note of regret in his voice, and the faintest suggestion of a hope that my chin belied me. He was caressing a block of wood, over the top

of which was stretched tightly a substance which appeared to be canvas. On one side of the canvas was a thin ridge of hair. I ignored the note of regret and was firm. I wanted a shave.

He laid the block regretfully aside with the air of a man who sees and loves the higher and must needs follow the lower, and wrapped me in the cerements which envelope the shaved.

"Is that a wig?" I asked, as he began to lather me.

"That, Sir, will be a toopy when it's finished," he replied.

"What is that?"

"A toopy covers the top of the 'ead and the front. You can have a fringe or a toopy or an 'ead-dress, according to the amount of 'air you have left. That's a toopy."

"Where do you get the hair from?"

"It mostly comes from Germany. Country girls, I'm told, cut off their hair and sell it. Seems hard, don't it?"

"And what does the girl get for her hair?"

"I expect a girl with a good 'ead would get about five shillings, perhaps a little more. It depends on the colour and the silkiness of it."

"What does a wig cost?"

"There's all prices. That toopy will run to about four guineas, perhaps five."

"It's a big profit on the initial outlay, isn't it?"

"Ah, but you wouldn't believe what a lot has to be done to it. You can't take a lump of 'air and put it on your 'ead. It has to be prepared first, and then—well, just look here."

He left me with one side of my face shaved, and stepped over to his block.

"Now this is what I have to do. First of all, I decide what I'm going to make. It may be a order. This is a order. So, of course, I have to match it with the lady's real 'air, because, you see, this is a toopy and has to match the rest. Well, then I cut out the foundation to the right shape, and stretch it. And then, when I've got the 'air and the foundation right, I start and work the 'air on to the foundation."

"Do you gum it—or—?"

He smiled indulgently, and picked up a sort of bodkin with a minute crook at the end, so minute as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. With this he caught a single hair, and pulled it through one of the interstices of the canvas, and fixed it with a twist.

"That must be rather a long job," I said.

"It's the time and the skill that makes it so expensive, said he. You have to keep your eyes open all the time to see that you've got the right length of hair, and the right number of hairs. Now, when I get along here to where the parting ought to be, I have to put less and less hairs, so as to shade it down like to no hairs at all."

"And when you have got the hairs fixed in—what then?"

"Then the toopy will be carefully smoothed and curled and so on, and then it will be ready to put on."

"Does the hair keep in curl?"

"If it's naturally wavy it does. If it ain't we have to do it up every now and then. Now, I don't mind telling you that the lady that's ordered this lives at Bombay. She always has six of 'em going. And every month she sends one of her toopys over here to be dressed."

"Can't they make wigs in Bombay?"

He shook his head.

"Do you suppose that many women wear false hair?"

"Well, what you might call women don't, but if you was to walk down Kensington 'igh Street now, you wouldn't meet many what I call ladies who haven't got something on their 'eads that they didn't grow themselves. But lor, *you* couldn't tell."

"Are ladies at all—well, embarrassed, when they come in to buy a wig?"

"Course not. There's no cause to hang back. They've got a bald spot here, or the 'air's getting a bit thin somewhere else, or they can't grow a front of their own. They just go into one of those private compartments, and me or the other gentleman goes forward and suggests what is required. They talk to me just like as if—well, just like as if I was a doctor."

He picked mechanically at his block as he reflected; and the soap was drying upon my left cheek.

"I don't know as I altogether 'old with false 'air," he said. "What I mean, it's all very well for ladies, and I've no call to say anything against it. But I shouldn't like any young lady that I was—interested in, like—to—"

"Would you mind shaving me?" I asked.

With a sigh he laid down the block and resumed the lather-brush.



## THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

It was a bitterly cold night for this season of the year, and, having finished some work, I collected my slippers, the whisky bottle and a soda-water siphon, and prepared to sit down before the fire and meditate upon my latter end. Then it struck me that three letters lay upon my desk instead of in the pillar-box at the corner. At the same moment my dog came up and remarked that he was getting bored, and wanted a little excitement. So I put on my thickest overcoat and went forth with the letters and the dog.

They had been pulling up the road opposite an adjacent house. As I came back from the pillar-box I noticed that the dog was interested in something. He was pawing round a sort of sentry-box which was standing guard over a heap of stones and rubbish, a pickaxe and a spade. In front of the sentry-box a charcoal fire was burning. I followed the dog and peered into the box. I could see nothing in the darkness, but from the interior came a high, quavering voice.

"Ah! nosed me art, 'e did. Won'ful things is dawgs."

"Rather cold work, isn't it?" I said.

"There's a many worse places," said the voice.

"Have a bit of baccy?" I said.

"Won'ful 'ow things comes along just as yer wants 'em," said the voice. "I was just goin' to make some tea, and I was thinkin', nar ef you 'ad a bit o' baccy you wouldn't want nothink more to make you 'appy."

I handed my pouch in the direction of the voice, and then struck a match. He was the oldest man I have ever seen. His face was wrinkled like the corrugated roof of a dissenting chapel; his shoulders incommoded his ears; he was wrapped in an amazing profusion of sacking. This much I saw, and then the match flickered out, and the darkness was relieved only by the glowing tobacco in his pipe.

"How long do you have to sit here?"

"Six o'clock I come on and six o'clock I goes off. It wouldn't never do for to leave the Board's prop'ty out 'ere without no one to look after it. I'm a guardin' of the Board's prop'ty."

The glowing pipe was waved in the direction of the pickaxe and the spade.

"And how did you get hold of the job?"

"Ah, it ain't every one that the Board 'ud trust to guard their prop'ty. Forty-three year I bin in the Board's service. And it's only them that the Board kin trust that gets a job like this."

"You don't work in the daytime?"

"No. I used to be a lybrer; but I'm guardin' the Board's prop'ty nar."

"You're quite an old man, aren't you?"

"Ah."

"How old?"

"Ah—I'm mortal old. I eggspect there ain't a many men that's older nor what I am."

"Any children?"

"Ah."

"How many?"

"There was Emily—that merried old Tom Bailey, and George that died—and Mary—dunno where Mary went—and 'Arry—and—'ow many's that? I dunno 'ow many there was."

"Do you get a job like this every night?"

"Last night I was up Paddington way, and to-morrow I goes and sets by Nottin' 'ill Gate."

"Isn't it rather lonely here all night?"

"There's pleecemen that stops for a chat, and there's gents like you. Ah, there's lots of men 'ud be glad to get a job like this, on'y y' see the Board can't trust 'em to look after their prop'ty."

"What Board is it," I asked.

The old man was silent for a few moments.

"Nar, ef you'd a arst me yesterday I could a told yer. I was on'y talkin' about it to old Jimmy. I dunno. It's the Board."

As my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness I saw, nailed over the opening of the box, a horseshoe.

"That's for luck," said the old man. "I've 'ad that for the last forty year, an' it's brort me luck all the time. Ah! it's bilin'."

The old man struggled out of his sacking to make his tea. And as the dog seemed to be getting bored again I bade him good-night.

"It is perfectly disgraceful," I reflected, "that a man with so few luxuries should presume to be so contented."

# *The Wheel in the Desert.*

A CHILD'S STORY FOR WELL-GROWN FOLK.

WRITTEN BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT. ILLUSTRATED BY RENÉ BULL.

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**W**HAT in the world put it into her silly head I cannot say, and how she managed it at all is more than I can tell. For, you see, her skirts had been soldered to great blocks of granite, and her feet embedded in sticky mortar for no other purpose than to keep her from wandering. But notwithstanding all these things, Miss Statue-of-Liberty one morning threw away her flaming torch, and gathering her skirts at one sweep, stepped down into New York harbour, and, without looking to one side or the other, made right across the Atlantic—for you know Miss Liberty was born and grew to the big woman she is in Europe. And while all the little girls and boys of London looked on, what does she do but mount the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, and using it as a bicycle, rides over the Crystal Palace (just between the two great towers the Wheel passed), and down to Dover, and over the cliffs, plump across the Channel, and through France on to Paris, and up to the Eiffel Tower, and, would you believe it, without getting off her wheel, she pulls up the Eiffel Tower by the roots, and, using it as a spear, she runs tilt at the Pyramids, because, she said, they had occupied Egypt long enough already; and as they gave no sign of moving, she intended to clear them out. As to the terrible fight between Miss Liberty on the Earl's Court Wheel and the Sphinx, whose tail Miss Liberty had run over in her charge at the Pyramids, it is not my intention to tell, as you know a war correspondent who was not there wrote up the whole thing in such a graphic way, that people who actually saw the affair said that, although, of course, it was not a report of the real fight, still it was a fight good enough to have been real. This report has now passed into history; you know, my dears, history is a record of events that might have happened.

Those who saw the fight remember

that it came to an end by Miss Liberty's back hair breaking loose, for she, putting up both hands, lost her balance, and fell off the Great Wheel. Now the Wheel spinning round at a great rate at the time of this accident, off it darts at top speed, and all alone, away it goes into the terrible desert, and in a cloud of sand disappears into the Khalifa's country. Miss Sphinx curled herself up again, and put her chin on her paws quite happy, for she had got over calling the little boys and girls of the world to rights in all things; but Miss Liberty, being a young woman, was very, very cross, and cried a bit, until Li Hung Chang, the Pantomime Policeman, came along, and told her to move on, because, you know, Miss Liberty, with that disregard for other folks' rights that she usually shows, had sat down right in the middle of the Nile, thereby creating an obstruction, and the poor little crocodiles could not get up stream to eat the black boys, whom kind nurses like to see playing beside the stream. So Miss Liberty went back to her home, and had an awful row with a haughty Customs man, who insisted on knowing under which head she claimed the right to enter New York—as old iron, or as a destitute alien as she had no luggage with her. He was for shipping her back again, saying, in a brogue, that what with Customs officers and Irish policemen, they had no use for Liberty out there; but the people would have her to stay, for people like to have, at least, the appearance of Liberty in their land. However, as our little Indian Idol says, “that is a different narrative.”

Well, about the Great Wheel. It had gone clean out of sight into the desert. The children of Britain were very, very sorry not to have the Great Wheel with them, and they sent word to Lord Wolseley that if he did not get the Khalifa to send back the Wheel, they would not play any more with little red soldiers, with or without little red, lead horses; and that

every time they saw their nurses talking with soldiers they would drop their bonnets into the gutter and squall, even if they did get smacked for so doing, so there. This, of course, was such a crisis as happens to few leaders of an Army, and Lord Wolseley at first thought of calling out the Volunteers, who are sworn to protect mammas and nursemaids so long as the mammas and nursemaids stay at home; but at last he dropped a post-card to the Khalifa, asking, would he, when he had satisfied himself that

He lives in a great desert, where the sand grows, and locusts and camels; an awful wild place, too dry, and stiff walking for civilised men to travel over; so Lord Wolseley had to depend for news of the Wheel upon German bagmen. These people are the cleverest in the world at picking up overlooked trifles in the way of trade, and also at eating soup with a knife. We cannot do either well at all. These bagmen brought the awful news that the Dervishes had been and gone and set the Great Wheel on the



"SHE RUNS TILT AT THE PYRAMIDS"

the Great Wheel was not a Catherine, nor made of gingerbread, please drop it into the nearest red pillar-box, for the children in Britain wanted it to go round. The Khalifa, you must know, is a curious man, who all at once grows into a frightful ogre every time the foreigners want us to leave the banks of the Nile—well, maybe not so much the banks of the Nile as the banks of Cairo. He is said to have one black eye every time our soldiers go to see him, but it soon gets well again. Well, this frightsome ogre said to Lord Wolseley: "I shan't, so there. What is our own we'll hold."

neck of a giraffe, the Wheel on its side like, you know, not standing on its head as it did at Earl's Court. The Wheel just slipped comfortably over the giraffe's head, and rested a giraffe's-front-legs height from the desert sand; and on the head of the giraffe—as cool as you please—sat the Khalifa, himself overlooking everything, while his wives took the money, for, you see, he was using it as a merry-go-round. A choir sang songs, led by a chimpanzee, the bass roared by a lion, the dromedary squealing treble, the hippopotamus singing alto, I think, and the buffalo lowing tenor; and a band,



"USING IT AS A MERRY-GO-ROUND"

made up of a great number of quaint beasts—I cannot tell you what instruments each animal played, but I know the spider-monkey had cut a hole on top of the flamingo's bill, and so played flute, and that the ostrich stood off and kicked the big drum which the rhinoceros carried on his horn; well, this band played "The Ship I Love," whilst the giraffe slowly turned round, with the Great Wheel

to prove expense was no object to him either, he would keep the Wheel from the girls and boys of Britain if it cost ten thousand of his fighting-men a crown each. So there was nothing for it. The boys and girls want their Wheel, and Lord Wolseley has had to send a great number of dada's into the Khalifa's country to bring it; and every morning you may see reported how these soldiers



"CUT A HOLE ON TOP OF THE FLAMINGO'S BILL AND SO PLAYED THE FLUTE"

swinging to its neck, and the little black boys and girls paid their pennyworth of locusts to the Khalifa for a ride. When this became known, of course the British children were bent on having the wheel again, for the best toys are always those with which other children are playing. Lord Wolseley told the Khalifa he would have to have the Wheel even if it cost him—I mean his country, no the Caisse—a shilling; and the Khalifa said that,

are drawing nigh to the bad Khalifa's country, there to find the biggest merry-go-round the world has seen for many a day.

And the poor little French boys and girls! They were very sorry at the breaking up of the Eiffel Tower, for now the stars cannot have their faces washed, and so will soon begin to look dim again. If you watch the sky this month, you will see that the stars need washing.

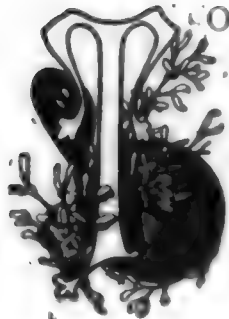




# "My First Appearance."

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

## VI.—MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.



O make acquaintance with the Drama on the stage of a lunatic asylum is probably as original a departure as is to be found in the history of the theatrical profession. Whether that be so or not, it is a distinction claimed by Miss Olga Nethersole alone, I fancy, among conspicuous artists. Do you wonder that she found the atmosphere of Colney Hatch distinctly trying to the nerves without being unduly exhilarating? It was while she rented Sir Francis de Winton's lovely place near Sandringham, rehearsing for her third American tour, that I heard from Miss Nethersole's own lips the interesting story of her First Appearance.

"It was directly due," she said, "to some friends of my mother's asking her if she would give her consent to her little girl (that's me) taking part in some forthcoming amateur theatricals at Colney Hatch. After a tremendous amount of pressure—I mean of begging and praying—had been brought to bear on her, she consented, and the part I was to play became my constant companion in all my wanderings. Having become letter-perfect to the extent of learning my words by heart, and being—as I fondly supposed—in every way prepared for the ordeal, the fateful time arrived and my mother took me to the Asylum."

"Of course you were nervous?"—"Recollect, I was very young, and realising that all of the other performers, including a brace of the Asylum doctors, were familiar with that which I was about to undertake for the first time, I was horribly nervous. The piece was entitled *Leave it to Me*, and the character for which I was chosen was that of the servant-girl Susan. This young person

opened the play with a song, the following being the words:

*O would I were a bird  
With wings attached to me,  
A dove would be preferred—  
Then Joe I'd fly to thee!*

Well, the curtain rose slowly, and though these words were in my head and on my tongue, my lips refused to utter them. This was stage-fright with a vengeance! Before me I beheld a mass of blurred faces, one in particular catching my eye and holding it. It was the face of a patient—a woman—seated apart from the rest, making the most terrible grimaces and gesticulating wildly. In vain I strove to proceed with my words, especially as from every corner I could hear people prompting me, but it was all useless. Suddenly, and after a time which (though probably but a few moments) seemed interminable to me, I heard the house-surgeon—who had been most prominent among those who tried to help me—say in a loud aside, 'This is what comes of asking people who have never played before. Ring down the curtain!' Slowly but inexorably the curtain began its descent. Then my child-mind began to realise what a disgraceful thing it was that such an unlooked-for catastrophe had to happen through me. How should I ever be able to survive the shame of it? Mustering my strength and my courage for a herculean effort, I called out in a high, shrill treble, 'O, would I were a bird!' The curtain was immediately pulled back to its proper place, the performance proceeded without further hitch, and the part of Susan was pronounced by all to be a great success."

"But what an awful adventure!" said I, moved by Miss Nethersole's recital.

"It was a terrible experience, and one that will never be erased from my mind,"



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE

she replied. "I always say when speaking of it, that if I hadn't realised the disgrace attaching to me if the performance had not been able to proceed, I would never have dared to face an audience again."

Miss Nethersole's first professional appearance occurred three years later, in company with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, at the Brighton Theatre Royal, as Lettice Vane in Henry Hamilton's play *Harvest*, and as Vera in *Moths*. She had in the meantime, however, been playing quite

a "round" of characters at amateur performances in aid of charities, these including Esther Eccles in *Caste*. Her first London managers were the Messrs. Gatti, and her Metropolitan debut took place in Messrs. Sydney Grundy and Henry Pettitt's *The Union Jack*. The young actress now joined Mr. Rutland Barrington at the St. James's, where she scored a hit in *The Dean's Daughter*. Her next move (every successive step taking her higher) was to the Garrick, where she remained under Mr. John

Hare's *régime* until her departure for Australia in '90, rejoining that gifted comedian for *A Fool's Paradise*. From the Charing Cross Road theatre to the Criterion was but a step; and here her conspicuous success as Mercedes in *The Silent Battle* will be recalled. Returning temporarily to the Garrick to appear as the Countess Zicka in the great revival of *Diplomacy*, she rested for half a year preparatory to opening under her own management at the Court Theatre in '94.

I shall never forget—not even in the more brilliant light of Carmen—her representation of the wife who is no wife in that clever play *The Transgressor*, written for her by Mr. A. W. Gattie. Since then she has twice (thrice, counting the present tour) visited America, where her success has been enormous. Her *répertoire* has embraced *Camille*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Frou-Frou*, *Denise*, *The Wife of Searli*, and *Carmen*.

I have nothing new to write about the much exaggerated "Carmen kiss," that set the American continent ablaze on Miss Nethersole's second visit. The London critics are by no means unanimous in praise of Miss Nethersole's Carmen. For my own part, I think this

impersonation was the touch needed—if any—in proof of the actress's extraordinary versatility. As for the incident of the frenzied passion of that kiss, Miss Nethersole would reply to all critics, "For the time being I am Carmen, not Olga Nethersole." Certain it is that one detects a more than remarkable difference between the Olga Nethersole of Carmen and of real life. For she is nothing if not an intensely womanly woman, and no notice of her or of her work—least of all of the individuality with which that work is ever instinct—would be complete without some reference to Olga Nethersole the woman. Individuality has been happily defined as "the force of the strong to hold within their hands the peace and well-being of the weak." It is this magnetic quality that Miss Nethersole has managed to bring to bear upon everything that she has ever attempted to do for the stage—not even excepting that weird adventure upon the stage of Colney Hatch Asylum. It may be added that she is always full of enthusiasm for her brother and manager, Mr. Louis Nethersole, who has devoted the best of his life to the labour of love involved in furthering the advancement of his talented sister's interests.



# Regimental Journals.

BY WALTER WOOD.

## II.—CAVALRY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

**T**HE cavalry is not so well represented by regimental journals as one might suppose. Most of the regiments are without their own particular papers, and not only is the number of existing magazines small, but they have been born within very recent years. The cavalry is less able to support a journal than the infantry, inasmuch as the field of circulation and contributions is far more restricted. The best of the regimental journals are those which cover not only the Line battalions, but also the Militia and Volunteer battalions connected with them. Putting aside the *Brigade of Guards Magazine*, which has a large sphere in the seven battalions forming the Brigade of Guards, there are papers like *Quis Separabit?* that caters for the two Line battalions and the four battalions of Militia composing the Royal Irish Rifles; the *Sprig of Skillelagh*, covering the two Line and three Militia battalions of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; and the *Highland Light Infantry Chronicle*, which furnishes news for the two Line, two Militia and five Volunteer battalions of the Highland Light Infantry. Other journals also cover large number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. There are splendid bodies of possible readers in the case of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, with its four Line, four Militia, and fifteen Volunteer battalions; and the Rifle Brigade, with its four Line, four Militia and numerous Volunteer battalions.

The Rifle Corps does not now issue a regimental paper, but one called the *Maltese Cross* used to be published by the First Battalion, and another, named *The Rifleman*, by the Fourth Battalion, though both are now defunct. Nor does the Rifle Brigade publish a regimental paper, but an annual book is compiled, entitled *The Rifle Brigade Chronicle*, that is sold extensively amongst past and present members.

The price to officers is five shillings, and to men half-a-crown. The editor is Major Willoughby Verner, of the Second Battalion.

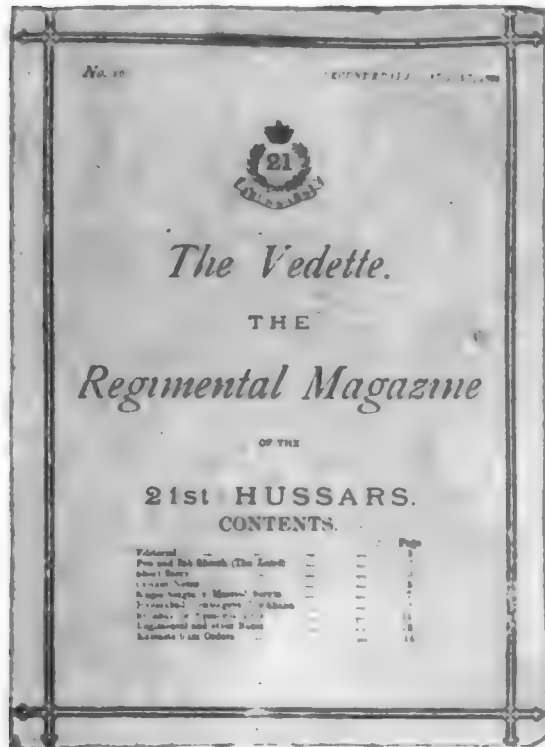
In infantry regiments there are large fields for the exercise of talent on the part of military writers, but the sphere of the cavalryman's operations is very much smaller, for with the exception of the First and Second Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, for which one journal



could easily be made to answer, there is but a small *clientèle* in the rest of the cavalry regiments. Each regiment being complete in itself must rely for support from its own ranks. It is scarce likely that the infantry method of running a paper by battalions could be adopted by the cavalry, and that magazines could be run by squadrons. As a rule a battalion is able, or should be able, both to find the money and contributions for an organ, but the much smaller number of officers and men composing a squadron could hardly make the venture a success.

At present there are four cavalry

journals, belonging to the Seventh Dragoon Guards, the Sixteenth (Queen's) Lancers, the Eighteenth Hussars, and the Twenty-first Hussars respectively. The

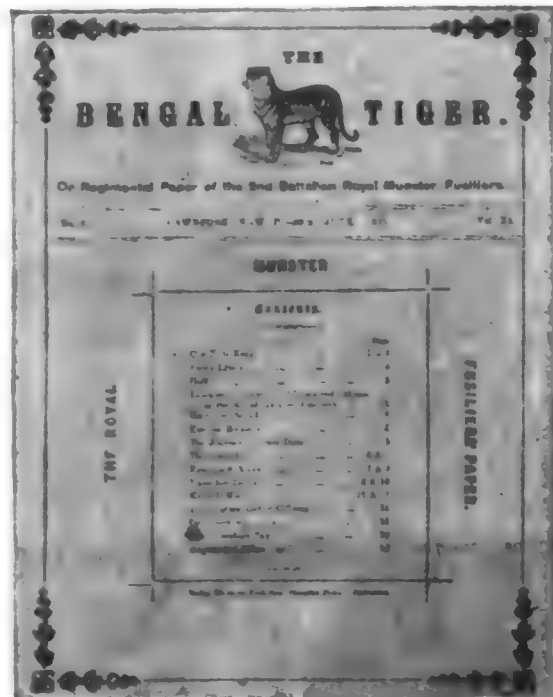


Seventh Dragoon Guards' organ is called the *Black Horse Gazette*—the Seventh were known as the Black Horse at one time—and the *Sixteenth Queen's Lancers Gazette* is the paper of the only Lancer regiment wearing scarlet tunics. *Conamur* is the title of the organ of the Eighteenth, and the paper of the Twenty-first is called the *Vedette*. Captain C. W. Thompson is the editor of the *Gazette*, which was established in October, '92. It is printed locally, and issued quarterly. The price to non-commissioned officers and men is three-pence per copy, and to others five shillings per annum. The magazine is supplied with material by members and past members of the regiment; but any current articles of interest to the cavalry arm are quoted.

The *Conamur* was established when the Eighteenth Hussars went to India, in '89, and is edited by Captain C. H. Corbett. A peculiarity about it is that it cannot be bought by anyone outside the regiment. The *Sixteenth Queen's Lancers Gazette* was established in May, '91, soon after the arrival of the regiment in India. The paper is edited by an officer of the Sixteenth, assisted by two

other officers. It is issued monthly, and is printed at the regimental press by privates of the regiment. Contributions are sent in by officers and men and are selected by the editor. The price in India, to warrant-officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment and their families is two annas (about twopence), while the same charge is made to other warrant and non-commissioned officers and men serving in the Lucknow station; other subscribers are charged eight annas. The price in Britain, or elsewhere, to warrant-officers, etc., is four-pence; other subscribers, one shilling, including postage. The charges for the *Vedette* are on practically the same scale. It is of course necessary to make a pretty heavy charge for journals of this description, as the cost of production is comparatively heavy and the circulation small. The *Vedette* was started on the arrival of the Twenty-first Hussars in India, early in '88, and is naturally specially interesting to past and present members of the corps at home. Various officers undertake the editing work from time to time. The present editor is Captain Dauncey. The original editor and founder of the journal was Major G. Crole-Wyndham.

The Royal Engineers and the Army



Service Corps are now well represented by important journals. The *Sapper*—sometimes colloquially called *The Pick-are*—is the appropriate title of the new-



born paper of the Engineers, and the cover has the merit of indicating some of the principal duties of the body that used to be known as the Royal Sappers and Miners. The editorial work of the *Sapper* is at present performed by Mr. Fred D. Bone, whose official capacity is that of "Acting Secretary." The *Sapper* is a baby amongst regimental organs, having been born so recently as August, '95. It is published monthly. The management of the entire business is carried out by the Acting Secretary and two assistants, in their spare time, under the supervision of an officer appointed for that purpose. The price is three-pence. The first three numbers were printed in the Printing House of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, but as the circulation eventually increased to 3,500 copies, and is likely to grow, it was considered desirable to place the work in the hands of a private firm, otherwise the ordinary professional work of the corps would have been seriously affected. The matter printed is of a purely original character, and is contributed by non-commissioned officers and men of the corps.

A regimental paper more like an ordinary monthly magazine than most

established in April, '91. It is issued monthly, at Aldershot, where it is printed at the Army Service Corps Printing Office. The price is three-pence. The



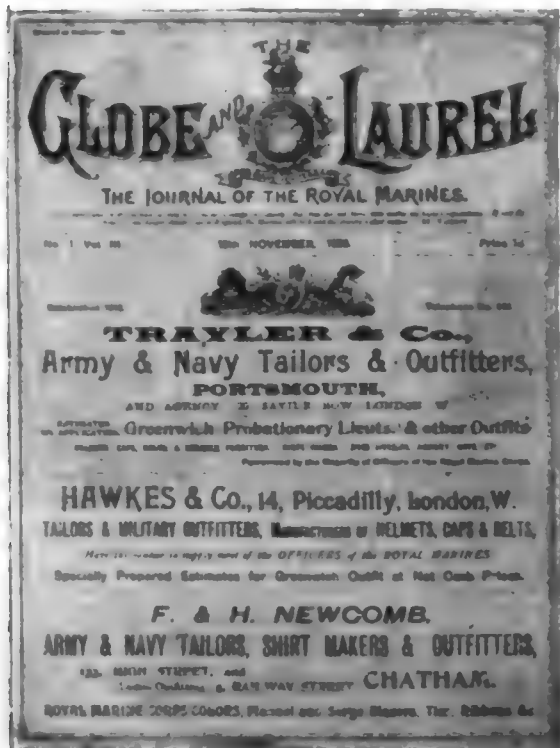
contributors are members of the Army Service Corps of all ranks, past and present, but occasionally contributions are accepted from outsiders. The editor is Lieutenant-Colonel Winter, of the Army Service Corps, and he has every reason to be proud of the admirable production over which he exercises control.

A mountain battery can do many things never even attempted by other branches of the Royal Artillery, and a mountain battery not long ago conceived the bold project of issuing a regimental paper. The adventurous journalistic gunners—fittingly enough—were the members of the First Mountain Battery, and they produced their journal at Rajpur, in India. They brought out their first number two years ago, under the very appropriate title of *Ubique*, one of the mottoes of the Royal Artillery, in common with the Engineers. It is somewhat surprising that the Royal Regiment of Artillery, as a whole, should not have a journal bearing the name *Ubique*. If that great and distinguished body can manage itself as a military machine it surely should be able to run a regimental journal embracing the Horse, Field,



of the military productions whereof I have been writing, is the *Army Service Corps Journal*. This also is a comparatively young periodical, having been

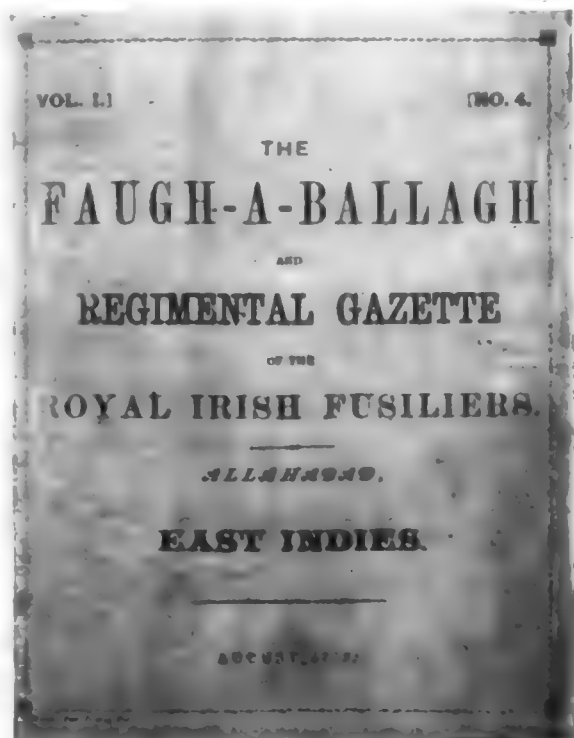
Mountain, and Garrison Artillery. To include the Militia and Volunteer Artillery also would be quite out of the question. A pretty large magazine



would be needed, but there are gunners enough to furnish both funds and contributions. At present some of the purposes of a regimental paper are served by the *Journal of the Royal Artillery Institution*, which in addition to printing papers of a scientific nature, publishes news relating to the various branches of the Artillery arm.

The Royal Marines have an excellent journal named the *Globe and Laurel*, and it enjoys a world-wide circulation, for wherever the Marine—gunner or infantry—goes, there will his journal be also. The title might well have been the motto of the Marines—*Per Mare, per Terram*. The *Globe and Laurel* was born at Chatham, in May, '92, as a humble little journal for private circulation only. At the outset it had an issue of some 500 copies, but the average circulation is now more than 3,000. The price of the journal is only one penny. The editors are Major G. T. Onslow, Captain G. Y. Daniel, and Lieutenant H. D. Farquharson. The contributions are by officers and men of the Royal Marines at home and abroad. The *Globe and Laurel*, as one might expect, is printed professionally, and not by the Corps of Royal Marines.

Regimental journals, like their civilian brethren, have their vicissitudes. Some flourish greatly, and others die after a languishing existence. The Second Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment published for eleven years a paper called the *Bucks Chronicle*—the old Fourteenth was at one time the Buckinghamshire Regiment—"But," says Captain Walker, "it came to grief owing to correspondents being lazy." The First Battalion Norfolk Regiment published, up to a short time ago, a paper called the *Holy Boys*, but it has fallen through. One would have expected it to live with a title like that. A monthly called the *Faugh-a-Ballagh Gazette* was begun in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, at Halifax, U.S., in '76, which was largely contributed to by the officers and men of the regiment. Unfortunately a fire that broke out the same year completely destroyed the plant, etc., and no attempt was made to resuscitate the journal until May, '95, when it was again published in the First Battalion as the *Faugh-a-Ballagh*. Captain Elgood, of the Devonshire Regiment, furnishes me with some interesting facts with respect to a paper formerly issued by that corps. He started and edited a monthly journal for the men of the



Second Battalion, during the last three years of its tour of service in India, i.e., from January, '90, to January, '93. Its title was *The Star*, and its price was

two annas. It consisted of eight pages, was published monthly, and contained nothing but original matter. To this rule he strictly adhered. There was no doubt as to its success. Of the first number only about 250 copies were sold; but month by month this number steadily increased, until during the last eighteen months its circulation was nearly 2,000 every month. In Upper Burma the editorial printing staff struggled under great difficulties, but every month a fresh number appeared, and each Christmas was marked by a double one. In the three years Captain Elgood made nearly 1,000 rupees profit, which he expended to buy a shield for the best shooting company. "Most of our men," adds Captain Elgood, "come from Devonshire, and even now, in small villages, I find *The Star* (sent home regularly by the men every month) perfectly well remembered."

It will, doubtless, be of interest to give a complete list of regimental papers in existence at the time of writing, and such a list is appended. Since it was prepared I have been informed that one or two new journals have been started by battalions which are now on foreign service. *Black Horse Gazette* (Seventh Dragoon Guards), *Sixteenth Queen's Lancers Gazette* (Sixteenth Lancers), *Conamur* (Eighteenth Hussars), *The Vedette* (Twenty-first Hussars), *Ubique* (First Mountain Battery Royal Artillery), *The Sapper* (Royal Engineers), *Brigade of Guards Magazine* (Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards), *The Thistle* (Royal Scots), *The Dragon* (Bufs), *St. George's Gazette* (Northumberland Fusiliers), *Second Suffolk Gazette* (Second Suffolk Regiment), *Light Bob Gazette* (Somersetshire Light Infantry), *The XVI.* (Bedfordshire Regiment), *Ours*, *The Green Howards Gazette* (Yorkshire Regiment), *Borderers' Chronicle* (King's Own Scottish Borderers), *Sprig of Shillelagh* (Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers), *The XXX.* (First East Lancashire Regiment), *The 5 and 9*, *Lilywhites Gazette* (Second East Lancashire Regiment), *One and All* (Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry),

*Men of Harlech* (Welsh Regiment), *I'm Ninety-five* (Second Battalion Sherwood Foresters), *Lancashire Lad* (Loyal North Lancashire Regiment), *Queen's Own Gazette* (Royal West Kent Regiment), *The Nines* (Second Wiltshire Regiment), *The Tiger and the Rose* (York and Lancaster Regiment), *The Bugle* (Second Durham Light Infantry), *Highland Light*



*Infantry Chronicle* (Highland Light Infantry), *The Tiger and Sphinx* (First Gordon Highlanders), *The Seventy-ninth News* (Cameron Highlanders), *Quis Separabit?* (Royal Irish Rifles), *Faugh-a-Ballagh* (Royal Irish Fusiliers), *The Thin Red Line* (First Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), *Sutherland News* (Second Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), *The Maple Leaf* (Leinster Regiment), *The Bengal Tiger* (Royal Munster Fusiliers), and *Army Service Corps Journal* (Army Service Corps).



*PARIS STATUES.*

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V.—LA PORTEUSE DE PAIN



## IN LAMB'S CLOTHING.

**W**ESLEY MILTON was a dear, little fair-haired boy, with wondering eyes of blue and an expression devoid of guile. Babs, during his first term at school, was possessed of the idea that his parents, all-important to him, must be of equal interest to others; and it was a common occurrence for him to return in the afternoon having in tow a half-reluctant, wholly-bashful urchin, whom he would introduce to our family circle after a formula of his own: "This is John So-and-so, mother; he is in my class at school, and I thought he would like to see how you and father looked."

The visits were rarely a success, I confess, owing to the overweening shamefacedness of the enforced guest, which no gracious intent of host and hostess could quite dispel. But with Wesley Milton it was altogether different. When Babs led him in, saying, "Mother, this is Wesley Milton," and adding the formula, we were agreeably surprised to find that the boy had charming manners, free from awkwardness. He drank tea, munched cake, and chatted demurely; and when, after a chance reference to his music-lessons, we asked him to play for us, he went at once to the piano and presented "O! had I the Wings of a Dove," with variations, so prettily that he instantly captured our affections.

His mother was dead, he told us, and his father was a clergyman too busy to have time for little boys; so he lived with two great-aunts. He sighed as he unfolded his short history, and looked so wistful and young that my motherly heart grieved for him, while Herbert

presented him with a consolatory coin on the spot.

"That is a nice companion for you, Babs," we remarked when he had gone. "He is so well-behaved and gentle. He seems just your own age, too."

"O, no!" Babs replied; "Wesley is eleven past; he is really ever so much older than he looks. And I think I ought to tell you more, that he is not a very good boy at school."

We were distressed to discover that Master Milton's attributes belied his appearance. But his skill as a raconteur was amazing.

"Do you know Epping Forest, Mrs. Babbington-Bright," he began, in his clear, treble voice, one Saturday he was lunching with us. "O! it is a sweet spot. I went there a picnic one day last summer. There were me and four other boys, and my father gave me a sovereign for our expenses. We had a great basket of provisions, but we went away and left it on the hall-table. There was a little boy with us, a tiny baby, just three years old——"

"Dear me, Wesley, surely that was a very young child to be out without his nurse," I interposed.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Babbington-Bright," he acquiesced. "None of us wanted to take him, but you see his mother pressed him on us!"

"Well, we took the train to the Forest, and that cost ten shillings—I paid it—and when we got into the woods, O! it was beautiful. There were primroses and may-blossoms, and tall, white lilies—just like the ones in your conservatory—and dahlias, and geraniums all growing



wild, and we picked great bunches. Then we began to get hungry, and I put my hand in my pocket to bring out my food [Wesley evidently forgot that all the provender had been packed in a basket] there was nothing there; so I called out: O! I've forgotten my lunch; and the other fellows put their hands in their pockets and cried out: 'O! I've forgotten my lunch;' and the little chap he put his hand in his pocket and said:

Then, just as we were enjoying ourselves, I cried out 'Hullo! boys, cut!' for from the top of the great tall tree where I was I could see a lot of the men who are there to take care of the Forest coming along. So down we all pelted, and ran away till we came to a great cave, where we lay down and hid."

"But, Wesley," said Herbert, who had been deriving intense delight from the boy's contradictory romance, "what



Ch. H.  
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*"Karl does" says she.  
"we did you our knight with this"*

'O! me's fordotten myes 'unch.' Well, just when we were nearly starving, we came to a great plantation of apple trees, all laden with immense red apples: and didn't we eat."

"How did you reach them?" interrupted Babs, who had been listening, wide-eyed, to this infant Munchausen. "You know you are only a little boy."

"O, we climbed up by the iron ladders. They have ladders put to all the trees," Wesley condescended to explain, "and we all ate and filled our pockets, and I put bushels down the front of my blouse.

about the snow? Didn't it make you wet and cold?"

Milton's innocent childish eyes looked full at his questioner. "O, no, Mr. Babbington-Bright, I didn't mind the snow at all, though it was deep. Of course, I had my giant boots on."

Which exhibition of self-possession enabled Wesley to recount the rest of his adventures unchallenged.

On an early visit he led us to understand, more by inference than from actual words, that he was allowed no pocket-money, and that no one took any

interest in his progress at school. Whereupon Mr. Babbington-Bright instantly gave him a shilling, and I promised him half-a-crown if he were awarded a certificate of even the lowest grade.

Shortly after this Babs took influenza, and Wesley got still further into our good graces by the regularity of his inquiries for the invalid. When Babs was able to sit up and receive visitors Wesley was

scarce calculated to soothe an invalid still nervous after influenza, and their possession helped to curtail his visit.

The first day Babs was able to rejoin his classes, he came home with the information that at the distribution of prizes in his absence he had been awarded a certificate and Wesley none. So Wesley had obtained the reward on false pretences.



*And you come here, and—  
and you killed him.*

*Chris Hammond  
June 96*

the first to call. Early in his visit Babs sent for me, as he had some intelligence to impart.

"Mother, Wesley has got a certificate at last, a blue one, so you owe him half-a-crown."

I promptly paid my debt, and Wesley hurried to the nearest toy-shop, returning with a hideous mask, a dark lantern, and a pistol with a plentiful supply of caps, guaranteed to make a loud report. These articles of amusement were

On the following Saturday when the youthful Milton arrived, solicitous for news of our well-being, I deemed it my duty to tackle him on the subject.

"Wesley," I began solemnly when we were alone, though he looked so meek and so defenceless that I was well-nigh ashamed to scold him. "I am exceedingly sorry to be obliged to speak to you on a very serious matter. You got half-a-crown from me as a reward for getting a certificate at school. Now I

find that you must have told me a lie, as you did not get any certificate."

Wesley looked the picture of infantile rectitude as he answered with unmuffled composure:

"I didn't really get the certificate, Mrs. Babbington-Bright; but I owed a boy half-a-crown, and, as he was pressing for the money, I only took it to pay my debt."

pared to invent as many plausible excuses as he thought necessary, I changed the subject, and from that time forth Wesley's visits were discouraged. It was not for some time, however, that we discovered the full extent of his daring.

One afternoon I was buried for the hundredth time in *Esmond*, a love story ever fresh and ever engrossing—whereof, by the bye, Messrs. Service and Paton



*"She swept out of the room  
with the air of an empress"*

"But, Wesley, you know you spent the money on a mask, and a pistol and a lantern, so you couldn't possibly pay him with the money."

For a moment he was nonplussed, but it was for a moment only.

"O, yes, I made a mistake. I remember now. It really was a sixpence I owed the boy. The toys I bought cost two shillings, and I paid him the sixpence that afternoon."

Seeing that the wily urchin was pre-

have just published an admirable edition in their "Illustrated English Library," certain of Miss Chris Hammond's dainty drawings being reproduced in this article—when my housekeeping books were brought to undergo their weekly inspection.

I was perfunctorily checking the little red volume wherein my baker makes periodical returns of the bread and flour consumed by my household, when my attention was awakened by seeing "*Choc.*"

1s." marked down as supplied in the previous week. There was also a mysterious "Sweets 6d.," and turning back I found an entry of "Choc. 9d.," which I appear to have paid without remarking.

Seeking my baker in his stronghold, I demanded an explanation of these hieroglyphics.

"Chocolate and rock, madam? Your little son called for them on his way to

ceived—they were ultimately discovered to have been delivered to and consumed by the family in the next house.

Brief consultation with Mr. Babington-Bright decided me that the sole course was to seek Wesley's home, and inform his friends of his misdemeanour. It was the wise course, though the painful one, and reluctantly I adopted it.

The good ladies, his paternal great-



"Indeed, Francis I never thought otherwise"  
answered my lady, rising and  
stripping him a carbony.

school. He said they were to be put down to your account."

"My little son," I gasped. "A little boy in a kilt?"

"No, madam, this boy wore a sailor suit."

In an instant it flashed on my mind that the taker of my name and credit could be none other than Wesley Milton. He knew we dealt there, for one day he had accompanied Babs to complain about some muffins ordered and not re-

aunts, lived in a neat prim cottage entitled Beulah Lodge. An air of strict rectitude seemed to encompass their dwelling; even the deaf maid who ushered me in appeared a model of sobriety.

In the sitting-room a well-worn family Bible was conspicuous, as were also many books of devotion. On the piano a large hymn-book lay open at "Rock of Ages," which title all-too forcibly recalled the reason of my errand. I could fancy Wesley sitting at the old yellow-

keyed instrument playing the hymns at family worship, joining his clear young voice to the old ladies' quavers and looking like an angel, while all the time he was secretly meditating a raid upon the tradesmen of his unsuspecting friends.

When the aunts entered the room the warmth of their greeting made my hard task harder still. "They were so charmed to meet one from whom Wesley had received so much kindness." "Any attentions shown to the child was as if given to themselves." So prattled the good dames, till I felt as if it would be impossible to denounce that very child to them.

But when I succeeded in stammering forth my tale the fact that they did not discredit it seemed strongest evidence against him, since it proved that this was not the first occasion Wesley had failed to distinguish between other folks' property and his own.

The elder lady—Miss Mary—wept over her knitting, murmuring sadly that "Wesley was the child of many prayers, that his father was a good man, that they had tried to do their duty. Perhaps they had failed," and so on. Miss Martha—the younger sister—took a more practical view of things.

"You know, my nephew is a clergyman, Mrs. Babbington-Bright? His charge is in an unhealthy East End

parish, so Wesley has always stayed with us. I can assure you he has been brought up in the fear of the Lord, and where he has got these evil traits I do not know."

Glancing round that austere room, and, witnessing how the two dear old women mourned the sins of the youthful reprobate, the most callous could not have hinted at heredity, so I refrained.

"What we are to do with him I do not know," faltered Miss Mary.

"I know, Mary," cried Miss Martha. "He shall have a good whipping, yes, a very good whipping, and we shall keep his pocket-money till there is enough to refund this sum. Then he shall go to the confectioner, confess his fault and pay his debt."

The summer holidays intervened, and we neither saw nor heard more of Wesley, till one day, Herbert, walking alone, heard a soft voice at his side say politely, "Good morning, Mr. Babbington-Bright."

"Why! Wesley," Herbert cried, looking down at the guileless little face upturned confidingly towards his, "do you know that you deserved a monumental whipping?"

"O! I got it, Mr. Babbington-Bright," replied the boy naively as he passed on unabashed and charming as ever.

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.







THE DOCILE STEED

## The Fashions of the Month.

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NOVEMBER is notoriously the dullest of months, and in its gloom even the joys of being "in the fashion" lose some of their zest. Our chief desire is to be comfortable rather than to be modish. Messrs. Hamilton and Co., of Portrush, Ireland, have just sent us a delightful range of patterns that seem to us the very thing for November—and, indeed, for all wear in bad weather. There are homespuns, rough, warm, and picturesque, with just those sombre gold tints observable in a winter bogland, and Irish tweeds and suitings in charming colours. Two in lovely bluish-green shades are the same as those worn by the Duchess of York; and one set where crimson and green are delightfully chequered would make pretty dresses. A coat and skirt of any of these, with one vest of crimson velvet and another of green cloth, would look bright and comfortable all through the winter. A pattern of Irish hand-made flannel is also enclosed. It is somewhat rough for personal use, but as there is endless wear in it, it would be an excellent thing to buy and make-up for Christmas gifts to poorer friends.

Some exceedingly pretty and smart serge coats and skirts are being made by Messrs. Barker and Co., Kensington. The collars, revers, and cuffs are all cut out into points and edged with gold braid. One in a sort of blue canvas cloth has a sailor collar behind cut into three points, double pointed revers in front, and pointed gauntlet cuffs, all edged with gold braid. Another in black serge has a triplet of pointed revers in front all edged with a cording of dove-grey cloth and a line of black braid. Dainty pearl buttons encircled with paste brilliants further enliven this dress.

An extremely nice blue cloth dress has a zouave, embroidered in black and gold braid. It has a front consisting of

alternate horizontal rows of yellow lace and black satin ribbon, hung over a white satin foundation, and there is a black satin neckband and waistband. Another good dress is a sort of hopsacking of dark blue, with lines of black crossing it at rather wide intervals. It has a pointed vest in front of blue velvet, with the hopsacking coming down in folds on either side of it, and crossing in at the waist. On the blue velvet are appliqué white satin flowers, covered with yellow lace. The collar and cuffs are edged with mink, and the plain hopsacking sleeve is slashed at the shoulder to show exquisite puffings of blue velvet.

Anything with red or crimson about it is cheering for winter wear, and a dress of green cloth, combined with crimson mirror velvet, is therefore eminently seasonable. There is a yoke of the velvet, tucked perpendicularly, and the green cloth goes from this to the waist in box-pleats. There are double revers and cuffs of black moiré, edged with the red velvet, and a belt of black moiré.

A good material for reception, or even for home dinner gowns, is the new phosphorus cloth. It is black, and has a raised and embossed surface, with a thread of tinsel running through it. Black with a lightning-blue streak, and a bodice of lightning-blue silk, with rich trimmings of blue and black jet mould, make a handsome gown. Black and silver, with a bodice of pearl grey satin, having black and silver trimmings, would also be effective, and black and gold still more so. In fact, its possibilities are endless.

A pretty little girlish evening gown is of apricot coloured silk, with a short, round bodice plentifully trimmed with fairy-like French lace. A belt of white silk, and knots of scented Parma violets among the lace, add to its charms. As next month we mean to deal wholly with evening dress, however, no more need be written now.

\* \* Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.

Smart little skating gowns may be made of cloth and velvet. The skirt should be of cloth rather short and edged with fur, and the bodice a short, violet with yellow Paradise plumes, and a couple of yellow chrysanthemums over either ear. Dove grey with a little crimson is also effective on the ice. A



GOWN AT JAY'S

tight-fitting, double-breasted jacket of velvet. In violet with skirt and bodice edged with mink, paste buttons, a small cravat of yellow lace, and a toque of skirt and bodice as above edged with mink or velvet, and instead of the lace bow, a small "dicky" and neckband of crimson mirror velvet would look pretty.

A toque of grey velvet edged with fur and with rosettes of the red velvet instead of flowers would go with it.

The new electric "seal" is handsome

tiality for honesty, is certainly a recommendation.

The bicycling shirts in flannel, silk and velvet, with detachable linen cuffs



CYCLING DRESS

for capes and muffs. It is actually rabbit or dogskin dressed to look like seal. It wears well, resembles sealskin; and there is really no deception about it, which, to people with a lingering par-

and collars, are useful, and the cuffs and collars give an English girl just that clean, trig look of a morning that suits her best of all.

The Paisley-patterned flannels are

pretty, and plain blues and greens in good shades are effective. Striped and glacé silks, plain and figured velveteen, are all being used for these. It is a pity

People who look a little ahead will now be beginning to think of Christmas presents. Nothing pleases girls better than a trinket, and Messrs Grenfell,



BLUE CLOTH GOWN

linen cuffs and collars have so long been relegated to nurses and parlourmaids, for they seem to suit English faces and figures better than anything else.

Frazier and Co., Edgware Road, have a vast range of inexpensive rings and brooches. Lyres, harps and flowers, walking-sticks — everything seems to



serve as a model for a brooch nowadays. For a man, silver sovereign purses and cigarette-cases make suitable presents.

Nobody supplies the dainty etceteras

hid in a silk bag with a frill of lace about it, which when stuck into a bodice wickedly simulate the appearance of a pocket-handkerchief, are amongst her



TARTAN DRESS

which go so far to give finish to a toilet better than Valérie, of New Burlington Street. Pretty little lace bibs with silk collars, scented veils, tiny powder-puffs

wares. Her hats and bonnets are also pretty and smart.

The bonnets and toques with jam-pot crowns give an admirably chic air to

# LADY CYCLISTS LEARN



that the fascinating pas-  
time of Cycling makes  
great demands on their  
physical energy, and that

a recuperative  
beverage is an  
absolute neces-  
sity. Coffee is  
usually recognised  
as a stimulant, and  
a cup of Tea is  
generally voted re-

freshing; but they have no  
staminal properties — no  
“body,” so to speak;  
whereas Bovril, the vital

principle of Prime Ox Beef,  
provides meat and drink  
at one draught, and re-  
freshes, strengthens, stim-

ulates and invigor-  
ates, without de-  
ranging the most  
delicate constitu-  
tion: Bovril can  
also be used on  
Toast or Bread and  
Butter for making a



savoury sandwich, contain-  
ing the maximum of stimu-  
lative nourishment in the  
smallest possible bulk.



**BOVRIL LIMITED,**  
FOOD SPECIALISTS,  
**LONDON, E.C.**

Directors—The Right Hon. LORD PLAYFAIR, G.C.B., LL.D.;  
Dr. FARQUHARSON, M.P., and others.

some people. A toque having a black chenille crown with rows of crimson oval sequins set round about it is very pretty. A ruche of black gauze with two or three sequins set in the heart of each pleat forms the brim, and black paradise plumes, and bows of crimson mirror velvet at the left side, complete it. Attractive, also, is a green velvet bonnet with a flat crown overlaid with a bit of rich silk and tinsel embroidery in rose and blue and green shades. Humming-birds' wings spread themselves out in front, embroidered velvet wings rise on either side, and a big bow of green velvet sets across the hair behind. White trimmings are much used, and can never become vulgar, but crimson hats have ruined themselves by excessive popularity already.

Cocoa is a thing it seems difficult to bring to perfection. Somebody is always trying a new one, and the latest effort—and a good one—has been made by Dr. Tibbles. It combines cocoa, extract

of malt, and the produce of the kola nut. Kola seems to be used instead of cocoa in Africa, and Dr. Tibbles' combination of all these various invigorating ingredients certainly makes a refreshing and agreeable drink. Cocoa is emphatically a winter drink, and should be used more than it is by all exposed to the weather. Lady cyclists caught in the rain could not do better than have recourse to cocoa to keep out damp and cold.

The velvet and lace and flower-trimmed muff seems in the meantime to have retired into the background, and the sensible fur muffs of our mothers and grandmothers are popular. Nothing is prettier than a sable muff, but if you cannot afford that an electric seal looks very well indeed, and is quite inexpensive. Fur toques are also pretty for genuine winter weather, and fur collars and pointed collarets are very fashionable. It is a pity the long fur boa, than which nothing was ever more becoming, is not so much used nowadays.

